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The Sketch

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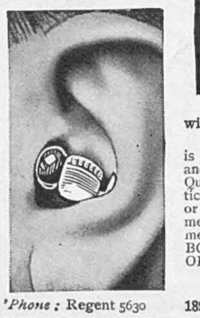

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The Sketch

No. 2152.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

LADY GOLD BUG OF "RIPTIDE"!

MISS NORMA SHEARER wears this amusing bead fancy dress in one of the early sequences of "RIPTIDE," at the Empire. She is supposed to be going to an "Insect" fancy-dress dance, and has selected this sequin costume for her appearance as "Lady Gold Bug." Miss Shearer has not made a picture for some two years, and her reappearance is a cinematograph event of real importance.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MIRACLES.

Do you remember the first time you ever used the telephone? Did it give you a thrill, or were you, from birth, *blasé* about telephones? I take no credit for the fact, but I think I must have been telephone-minded from an early age. I used to gaze upwards in reverence at that marvellous instrument long before I could reach it. Then one day I was allowed, in response to urgent appeals, to listen-in. Those were days when you could only get your number after furious and prolonged rotation of a little handle, and after a heated controversy with an extremely ladylike young lady at the exchange. There was also a spare ear-piece—I have never understood why: perhaps it was because Victorian standards required a chaperon for all telephone conversations. Standing on a chair, I was given the freedom of the spare ear-piece. How exciting, how incredible, to hear that thin, metallic voice coming from nowhere! I can remember the conversation to this day. That first experience of Modern Miracles had a distinct "kick."

I have had further opportunities of acquaintance with the telephone since that date. It would be ungrateful to say that familiarity breeds contempt, for I still regard the telephone as a remarkable affair, especially when it behaves so ingeniously and so obligingly at the mere twiddling of a dial; nor do I belong to that school of thought which regards the telephone as a nuisance rather than a convenience. But there is bound to be a certain disillusionment. And there must certainly be a technique, a difficult technique, which can be learned only by trial and error. I flatter myself that I have mastered it—at all events, I have mastered the last, subtle, supreme art of the telephone, which is to be able to tell a big black lie when you receive an unexpected invitation by this most unfair means of communication. I have no hesitation in doing this, for I hold that anybody who commits the social crime of issuing invitations by telephone is outside the moral code.

Another landmark in scientific experience was the transition from gas to electricity. It is a solemn thought to me, and another reminder of the volumes of water which are flowing under the bridges, that there are millions of people alive to-day who have never lived with gas—at all events, not gas as an illuminant; war, the internal-combustion engine, and international relations may have made them familiar with gases of other kinds. I have no complaint about coal-gas as a means of correcting the inconsiderate behaviour of the sun; but it was a great moment when one could merely touch a switch and produce a flood of light without the intervention of a match, especially since one usually had no match about one's person. One realised at last that Prometheus was a little old-fashioned in his methods. I am glad to say that I have never quite lost my sense of respectful admiration—a sense, indeed, of slight incredulousness—for the electric light. Custom has not entirely staled its magic, which is all the more magical to me because I have no more notion how the thing is done than how a conjurer turns a gold watch into a rabbit.

What remarkable changes dotards like myself have seen in that common and, in my opinion, highly dangerous machine, the push—or sweat—bicycle! I should hotly deny the suggestion that I could "go back" to the velocipede or the penny-farthing, but the first bicycle I ever saw was provided with things called cushion-tyres. Only a rider with a powerful imagination can have thought of cushions as he made his anguished progress over a rough road. This was, however, something of a survival: pneumatic tyres were fairly well established. The method of braking was a couple of rubber blocks which gripped the front tyre and brought the machine to a standstill with a vicious jerk. Going downhill, you had to "back-pedal" with desperate energy to prevent the machine running away; or, if you wanted to coast, you stuck your feet up on foot-rests specially fitted for the purpose. Then came the free-wheel—another miracle; among school-contemporaries, the possession of a free-wheel was the mark of a spectacular rise in the social scale. And so, from one stage to another in the evolution of the bicycle, until we have arrived at the modern Motorist's Nightmare.

And now the miracles have got beyond all control, and all we can do is to accept without understanding—which, I dare say, is the proper attitude towards miracles. Try, my young friend, with all your glib terminology, to give a brief and lucid description of the electrical system in your dashing sports-model. It is all very well to talk about your earth and your distributor and your make-and-break and your magneto field, but have you the slightest idea what is really happening inside all these fal-lals and taradiddles? As for the wireless, I accept it in moderation and with the proviso that I can turn it off or hit it with a tomahawk if it gets above itself, but I decline to be a party to the disgusting language to which it gives rise. I am assured by the makers of my wireless-set that it has a heptode oscillator-modulator valve and a double-diode-triode valve for full delayed A.V.C. and improved detection. It has, they tell me, 2½-watt triode undistorted output. There is an Image Rejector to reduce second channel interference, and an energised moving-coil speaker. Very possibly there is a lot in what the makers say, and I do not dispute their statements for a moment; but I strongly object to being addressed by anybody in such terms. Let our modern miracles be acts of faith, not conglomerations of jargon.

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

In our issue of May 2 we shall present a silver portrait of

MISS ANN HARDING.

Just to remind you, we began our very popular and original silver series with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, Elisabeth Bergner, Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Ginger Rogers and Diana Wynyard.

THE REVELLER (after long struggle): "I have mush pleasure in declaring thish door well and truly open!"

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

THE ELGINS IN ELGIN-MARBLES LAND.

The EARL and COUNTESS OF ELGIN recently visited Greece, and were photographed on the Acropolis, Athens. Our group shows (from left to right) Lord Elgin, tenth Earl; Master Gregor MacGregor; Lady MacGregor; Lady Elgin; and Lord Bruce, son of Lord and Lady Elgin. As everyone knows, the seventh Lord Elgin brought the "Elgin Marbles" from Greece in 1815. Some of the slabs from the frieze are here reproduced as friezes for the snapshot.

LONDON ASIDES. By PAMELA MURRAY.

The HON. MRS. ANTHONY MURRAY'S Rufus won the Master's Nomination Race at the Chiddingfold Hunt Point-to-Point Races in good style. She was snapped during the last exciting moments of the race. She is one of the many Pearson sisters, and is young Lord Cowdray's twin.

(Below) MISS PHILIPSON-STOW, who rode her Mother Hubbard in the Ladies' Race, is a very smart fair-sex jockey. She hunts with Lord Leconfield's, and goes very well.

MR. M. HUGHES, MISS L. HUTH, and MISS J. HUTH made a family party at Newbury Races.

The HON. MRS. JOCK LESLIE (formerly Miss Coral Pinckard), MRS. PETER PARDOE, and MR. IAN FENWICK are seen (from left to right) at the Chiddingfold Point-to-Point Races.

When you read these, Brighton will be bleary-eyed and all Sussex suitably fatigued by a whirling week-end, social and sporting in tone. The Crawley and Horsham Point-to-Point (at the hour of writing, Ulrica Thynne's the only entrant in the Ladies' Race) follows matutinally after a Grand Ball at the Royal Pavilion (shades of "Prinny," Yvonne Printemps, Mrs. FitzHerbert, and Pierre Fresnay!) in aid of Brighton unemployed. The Duke of Norfolk and sisters promised a score from Arundel, and all the prominent people in this county of prominent people were prepared to do the party proud. Lady Loftus was among ticket-sellers; Miss Margaret Hardy, Mayor of Brighton, Lord Ratendone, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Miss Dreda Burrell worked variously. The last-named collected effervescent Richard Philpott as cabaret pianist and Tunie Karri-Davies to dance an exhibition waltz with Philip Morgan, who used to dance with the Ziegfeld Follies. We feel he should write his reminiscences. Tunie and her elder sister, Eileen, back from a round of visits in the U.S.A. of the New Deal, are a pretty pair and quick in the Irish uptake.

Lingering on the borders of Sussex and Surrey, we'll attend the Chiddingfold Hunt Point-to-Point Races near Cranleigh. Mackintoshes were worn by most, but not by Lord Portarlington, nor by Mr. George Belcher, who forgathered in the jockeys' ring. "Lionel" was in excellent voice, and Belcher's appearance pure Chelsea. It's considerate of him to look like an artist, now that arty artists have gone all 'earty school tie. Mrs. Hugh Nelson, whose sister-in-law was the former Duchess of Westminster, entertained him on a wagon.

There was an imposing row of wagons, none covered, and only one painted stylishly and varnished like a carriage. This belongs to Sir John Leigh. The night before he held a feast in honour of his son's majority, presenting his heir with a latchkey and making merry on a grand scale. Unluckily, Miss Marjorie Leigh missed all this in a nursing home.

Reading from right to left, Lord and Lady Leconfield's wagon was oaded with children—whose, we didn't discover—and Sir Eric Bonham, steward, sat with them. Next, three Naumann vehicles (J. H. and C. C. are both M.F.H.) were crowded alongside Mrs. Jock Leslie (Coral Pinckard), whose guests included Willoughby Norman and the future Mrs. Willoughby Norman, Mrs. Peter Pardoe, and Ian Fenwick. Normans and Naumanns are numerous in this district. There was also an array of Hendersons, Nelsons, and Pearsons including Mrs. Anthony Murray, who won a race with Rufus, owner not up. The presence of officers and wives of the Cameronians added a military flavour, and their regimental race went well. The regimental band, alternating with pipers, went even better. We reeled about in patriotic ecstasy; not traceable to cherry whisky.

In April showers the Englishwoman is said to look less dishevelled than any. We found some outstandingly pretty girls and pleasing matrons, but the mass effect was not a beauty contest.

Mrs. Christopher Pleydell-Bouverie—expression charming.

Miss Philipson-Stow—smartest of the lady jockeys.

Miss Rosemary Robertson—pretty and well groomed.

Miss Rosemary Kerr—a ready smile and noisy checks.

Miss Felicity Bury-Barry—very good indeed, chaps. Natural roses.

Miss Diana Woodroffe—lovely skin and genuine English appeal, guaranteed waterproof. Escort, the Hon. Charles Bernard.

Mrs. Ross-Fairfax—a soldier's wife with wide green eyes like Glyn heroines.

Mrs. Robin Bushman—continues to look sixteen aided. Her sister rode.

Mesdames Bols and Rose—O.K. in the saddle.

Miss Betty Wyatt—walked in laughing after toss.

Mrs. "Gerry" Kelton—much teased for arriving in Henry Ford's latest; always owned long-nosed cars of thrusting type. At one time drove two black Stutzes on alternate days. Now pushes her baby's pram.

Miss Ulrica Thynne—the one supremely beautiful woman. "Where are ye when the moon shall rise?" etc. Answer: "Listening to M. Harris, queen crooner."

URBAN NOTES (cuckoo). The Ritz for lunch maintains its gossip rate, but l'Apéritif must be reckoned with. There we see Mrs. Pat Anderson (who has moved furniture all morning from her house in Market Street to her future flat in Seymour Street) with Mrs. George Ismay, and Mrs. Gordon Wall with a *Parisienne* whose *chic* is new to London. Lady Patricia Ward, Mr. Charles McNeill (a pre-war and Edwardian charmer, therefore still charming), Mrs. "Peter" Murray, Mrs. Harriet Harriman wearing the ideal grey flannel suit, and the Brooke sisters are "among those present." Miss Elizabeth Brooke has a brunette glow and sparkle we find irresistible. So do a number of young men; eligible, we trust. Miss Valerie's golden looks and locks are very like Lady Inchcape, eldest of the three.

Before considering our Ritz-time crowd we 'll train a telescope (you can train bears and telescopes, but never parlour-maids) on Paris and focus Thelma Lady Furness and Prince Ali Khan. Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt joins them, and there 's a glimpse of Nikitina with those tinkling cymbals in her ears. Tinkling glasses and crashing plates throw us back to London, where the crowd of lunchers waxes. John Southwell, who 's working hard for the L.C.C., is with his wife. Gertie Lawrence, orange-hatted, has half a course with Douglas Fairbanks before rehearsals. Mrs. Tommy Hutchison's sailor hat is noticeably the most successful. Others have gone maritime but got lost in a fog.

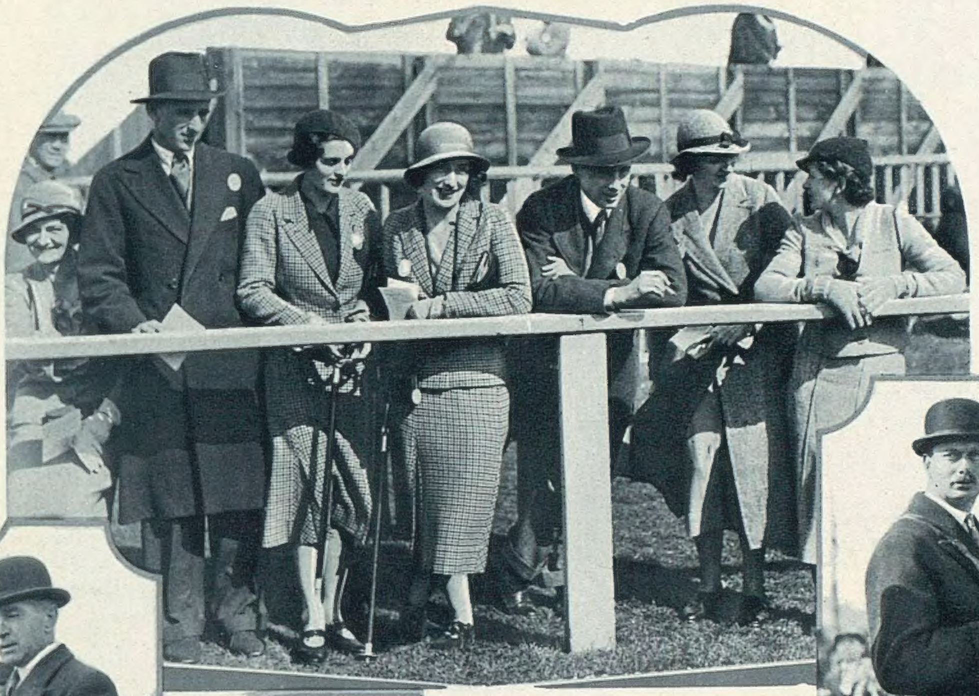
Lady Kemball-Cooke comes in with her hair below her shoulders and sun-bathing sandals. Lady Poulett says she 's going to wear last year's hats. Nobody believes her. Lord Scone looks dashing behind his long moustaches; both dashing and gentle, a quality peculiar to "Mungo." He 's in a hurry, so we can't ask for a pinch of snuff. Instead we take some of the surrounding gossip with a pinch of salt. The Richard Winsloes hover together in harmony; Lady (Gomer) Berry holds herself better than most; Mrs. Claude Leigh wears taffeta to the chin without spilling on it, which confirms our suspicion that Myrtle isn't mortal. Another Myrtle, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger 's a reminder that her sister, Mrs. Compton, was the handsomest non-dancer at the Savoy some nights ago. She has tremendous presence, even in ski-ing trousers, even when the said trousers bear traces of a fall.

Three convalescents — Lady Isobel Scott, Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower. Three women less alike in looks and tastes could not be found to share a sentence. Mrs. Calthrop's stage designs are world-renowned. Her latest take the most curtains at Drury Lane. Noel Coward visited her daily at Lady Carnarvon's, where Lady Isobel also "received." She 's now recuperating at home in the Borders with books. Unlike many avid readers, she never appears irritatingly well-read. Her quietly witty conversation has a self-deprecatory undertone which makes it adorably funny. The smallest thing that happens to Lady Isobel is quite different from the same thing when it happens to you and me. In this she resembles E. M. Delafield's "Provincial Lady" with a much more exciting point of view. We covet Lady Isobel's sense of humour more than the jewels of *Madame Une Telle*. She 's much appreciated in the family circle, and if she would write instead of read, a wide world would show gratitude at the bookstalls.

Commiserating with Mrs. Leveson-Gower on getting ill when home-hunting, and congratulating Miss Maugham on getting strong again, to the relief of her adoring Syrie, we note that Alpine enthusiasts are still, at this late date, breaking their limbs. Raoul, son of the beautiful Mme. Sanchez-Elia, broke his leg in three places (so greedy!) last week, and Sylvia Régis de Oliveira "did hers in" at Easter, when the Archie Crabbes and a whole crowd were at Sestrières till late April. The Royal Navy 's represented on skis by several officers stationed with the Mediterranean Fleet. Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair's son, Graham, is reported by my spying Edelweiss (who 's full of idle vice) "in terrific form, first up and last to bed." Yo, ho! (not yo-yo) and a bottle of beer. . . .

INTERESTING DATES. On May 8 Lady Londonderry 's at home to all who will pay one guinea to the South London Hospital for Women. Informal late afternoon reception. Music; and the Duchess of York to say a few words. No long speeches. Celebrities a certainty.

From May 15 to June 5, during the Military Tournament at Olympia, the Black Watch will do a historical pageant, from raising the regiment in 1739 to the present, including a '45 battle and claymore charge. Principal parts allotted to Bernard Fergusson, son of General Fergusson, and to Malcolm Wolfe - Murray.



Border Society turned up in considerable force at Edinburgh for the Musselburgh Spring Meeting. This group includes LADY RACHEL HOME, MISS LAMBTON, MR. JOHNSON, MR. WILLIAM HOME, and LADY ANGELA SCOTT.

The COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY looks as smart and as ornamental in her wet-weather kit as she does in summer finery. Here she is very comfortably attired for a rainy day's racing. She is seen at Newbury, and is in conversation with MAJOR GUY LUCAS.

(Left) The EARL and COUNTESS OF DURHAM went to Newbury together. She wore a double-breasted navy-blue suit with gold buttons, and a lovely mink coat.

H.R.H. the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER went to Newbury for the first day of the Spring Meeting. He is here seen with MISS MARY COLLINS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE — BY A BOOKISH BARONET'S FAMILY.

LADY PETRIE, wife of Sir Charles Petrie, third Baronet, and her small son, PETER CHARLES PETRIE, are the subjects for this week's "Conversation Piece," which shows them in the drawing-room of Sir Charles and Lady Petrie's London home in Tregunter Road. Sir Charles has been Foreign Editor of "The English Review" since 1931. He has travelled extensively and written a number of books, including "George Canning" and "The Jacobite Movement." Lady Petrie, who was Miss Jessie Mason, was married in 1926, and has one son, Peter, born in 1931.

YEVONDE.

THE FUTURE VISCOUNTESS CLIVE.

The engagement of MISS VIDA CUTHBERT, only daughter of the late Captain J. Harold Cuthbert and Lady Rayleigh, to Viscount Clive, only son of the Earl of Powis, has been announced. Lord Clive succeeded to the title of Lord Darcy de Knayth in 1929, on the death of his mother, who was a peeress in her own right, and he sits in the Lords in virtue of this title. However, he uses his courtesy title of Viscount Clive.

HAMPSHIRE LADIES AT HAYLING ISLAND.

1. Expressions of concentration are registered on the faces of MISS MORGAN and MISS LAMPLOUGH, who are adding up their scores, watched by MISS BROOKE and MRS. TANNER. The photograph, like the others on this page, was taken during the qualifying rounds day of the HAMPSHIRE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS at Hayling Island.

2. MR. FAIR, MRS. LIVERSIDGE, MISS FAIR, and MRS. PAGET enjoyed a picnic lunch after a round.

3. MISS ELLEN was photographed driving from the first tee.

4. MISS DAVIES and MRS. ROSS obviously took an optimistic view of their chances when they started off on their round.

5. MISS HEANE brought her spaniel, Penny, over to the course, and let him have a run.

6. MRS. SHARP is putting, while MISS E. URWICK and MISS M. URWICK watch her.

7. This group by the first tee consists of MISS WRIGHT, MRS. HILL, with the spaniel, Penny, and MISS HEANE.

"BEAUFORTSHIRE" DANCES AT WESTONBIRT.

The BEAUFORT HUNT FARMERS' AND SUBSCRIBERS' BALL was held at Westonbirt, Gloucestershire. MRS. GUY HANMER, MRS. G. L. WELSTEAD, MAJOR HANFORD and CAPTAIN GUY HANMER are the four guests shown in this group.

COLONEL THE HON. ALGERNON STANLEY, D.S.O., brother of the Earl of Derby, was photographed chatting to COUNTESS RABEN.

LADY AVICE SPICER wore a very attractive printed dress. She is a sister of Earl De La Warr.

MRS. GEOGHEGAN, the REV. "JACK" GIBBS, MRS. GIBBS, and LORD APSLEY are seated, from left to right, in our photograph.

The HON. THURSTAN HOLLAND HIBBERT, the DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, and CAPTAIN SPICER were sitting out when the photographer took them. The Duchess, who was Lady Mary Cambridge, is a niece of the Queen.

LADY APSLEY, who acted as Hon. Secretary, was present at the ball, in her wheel chair. She is shown (l.) with COLONEL EDGAR BRASSEY and a friend.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

A Hungry Kelt.

Fish recovering after spawning feed ravenously, and, as all salmon-anglers know, early spring fishing is often a tribulation, owing to hungry kelts seizing fly or minnow and driving the angler distracted by wasting his valuable time landing and returning them to the water. One of the most remarkable instances of the voracity of kelts was reported to me by Commander S. C. Patterson. It occurred to Mr. Lionel Hanlon, President of the Tongariro Angling Association, New Zealand. He landed a trout of about 5 lb. which proved to be a

MISS VIOLET FRASER is a well-known sportswoman. In our photograph she is posed with a mahseer of 35 lb. which she caught in the Cauvery River, Mysore. The sender of the photograph states that a smaller mahseer weighing 15 lb. is also to be seen; but it must be hidden behind the larger fish!

kelt. While removing the hook he accidentally tangled the cast round the tail of the fish and caused a cut. Within a short time of returning the kelt to the water Mr. Hanlon had another strike, and on landing the fish was surprised to find it was the same one with the bleeding cut in its tail. Once again it was released, and after a few more casts it was hooked for the third time within half an hour. Not wishing to continue catching the same fish all day, Mr. Hanlon carried it down to a rapid before returning it, so that it would drift down to an unfishable stretch of water.

A Great Sportswoman.

"Miss Fraser is a great sportswoman. She has probably shot more tigers than any lady in India." So wrote Mr. De Wet Van Ingen when he sent me the photograph reproduced on this page, showing Miss Violet Fraser, daughter of a former British Resident in Mysore, with two mahseer, 35 lb. and 15 lb. Although I have scrutinised the photograph most carefully, I can only see the thirty-five pounder; but, as Mr. Van Ingen distinctly states there are two fish, I suppose the fifteen-pounder is hidden by the bigger one. Last season the fishing in Mysore was very bad. Mr. Van Ingen states that they had a long spell of blank days, but the luck has changed this season. His brother, Mr. Joubert Van Ingen, landed a fine fish of 96 lb. after a hard fight of 65 minutes. In its first rush this fish took out 150 yards of line. Mr. Joubert Van Ingen's heaviest fish previous to this one was a 71-pounder caught in 1920.

Six Swordfish in One Day.

Writing to me on March 2 from Tauranga, New Zealand, Miss M. G. Clark mentioned that she received *The Sketch* regularly from home and enjoys reading the fishing notes. Tauranga is a famous centre for big-game fishing, and Miss Clark kindly sent a cutting from the *Bay of Plenty Times*, March 1, 1934, giving some particulars of sport on the fishing-grounds off Mayor Island. Dr. J. S. Stenhouse, fishing from his launch *Dawn*, captured six swordfish in one day on Feb. 26; and a party of seven anglers in the launches *Naomi* and *Virginia* had thrilling sport during ten days on the deep-sea grounds. Their catch included thirty swordfish from 250 lb. to 450 lb in weight, three mako sharks, and an exceptionally large kingfish of about 70 lb. On one occasion two fish were landed on the *Naomi* simultaneously, creating great excitement.

80-lb. Tyee Salmon Caught by an Indian.

Fishing on the Campbell River, British Columbia, with hand-line from a small boat, an Indian caught a Tyee salmon which must have weighed 80 lb. The weight after it had been dressed was 72 lb. This interesting capture was reported to my friend Dr. Lewis Smith by Herbert Pidcock, one of the best-known of the Campbell River guides. In his letter Mr. Pidcock states that they had quite a good season in 1933, though the fish were again late in arriving. The average size of the Tyee salmon was better, and exceeded 40 lb. The heaviest fish, 54½ lb., was caught by Mr. Heathcote, a Britisher living in California, who thereby won the title of Tyee Man, 1933. Plenty of fish between 45 lb. and 50 lb. were caught, but only three over 50 lb. A new club-room has been built on the Spit, and during the season the Club House will be the Tyee Club's headquarters. The Club also has a new secretary, Mr. T. Bourns.

Walton's Famous Fordidge Trout.

After standing the test of centuries, Walton's Fordidge Trout has been revealed as a myth—or, to be more exact, as a salmon kelt—by the unromantic scientist with his magnifying-glass. Great excitement followed the discovery by a gardener's boy on Feb. 23 of the remains of two large fish in the River Stour above Fordwich. Although these fish were exceedingly dead, they were rescued from the mud and photographed. One fish was described as a female full of spawn, and the other as a male with a pronounced hook on its jaws. Fortunately some scales were taken and sent to me. I asked Mr. G. Herbert Nall, the great expert on sea-trout, to examine the scales, and he kindly did so, and also had his reading confirmed by Mr. Macfarlane, of the Fishery Board for Scotland. Both sets of scales were from salmon kelts, the fish being four-and-a-half years old, of the "small summer" class. The scales showed the maximum erosion from spawning, and in good condition the fish would have weighed 18 lb. and 23 lb.

Turning to Walton's description of the Fordidge trout, it is evident that it would fit a salmon kelt. The size "near the bigness of a salmon," the "different colour," also the statement that "in their best season they cut very white." There is another rather suggestive reference on the same page to the incredible numbers of small "trout" in a little brook in Kent. Were these salmon-parr bred from the Fordidge "trout"? It seems likely, though Walton does not say that the brook ran into the Stour.

Major Trevor, of Glanwye, is posed with his RECORD 43-LB. SALMON caught in the Glanwye Water, on the River Wye, on April 15. Captain Stephen Trevor, his nephew, who gaffed it, is on the right. The length of the salmon was 4 ft. 2 in.; and its girth 2 ft. 1 in. It constitutes a record for the Glanwye Water during the last thirty-five years.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

While trolling for salmon in Waterville Lake, Co. Kerry, Mr. W. Geary hooked and landed a big trout weighing 9½ lb. This is the third heaviest trout recorded from the lake.

Delegates representing 100,000 anglers will attend the 1934 Conference of the National Federation of Anglers, to be held at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly, on April 28.

A number of these delegates have been invited to the Annual Dinner of the London Anglers' Association the same day. Judging by the lengthy Conference agenda they have to discuss, they have a busy day ahead.

R. L. MARSTON.

THE FIRST KISS OF SPRING.

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XIII.

MARIE TEMPEST.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MISS MARIE TEMPEST, the celebrated actress, and one of the best-known figures on the English stage, is the thirteenth to go into the "confessional."

WE were sitting in her London garden. It was an exquisite afternoon of spring . . . the sort of afternoon that invites one to defy convention, and take off all one's clothes, whatever the neighbours may think of sun-bathing. But when I asked her this question . . . which, week by week, is leading us through so strange a gallery of horrors, she shuddered. A very genuine shudder, which had nothing of the footlights about it.

"My worst moment——"

"It was mine too," said Graham Browne, smiling grimly at his wife.

"Then you should tell it."

He shook his head. "I'd rather not——"

And after a pause, Marie Tempest sighed, and began to speak: "I've been in a typhoon," she said. "I've tried to pick up a stick to throw for a dog and found it was a particularly deadly snake. I have been run away with in Rotten Row in a thunder-storm, while wearing gloves that got greasy in the wet. I have been lost in a boat on the Hooghly, looking for a ship in the blackest night I've ever seen, and I have been in a canoe above the Victoria Falls, with a crew of natives who began to quarrel and forgot to paddle, but——"

She paused again, and turned to Graham Browne, pleading, "You really ought to tell it."

He shook his head. "No, you go on, my dear."

And so we got to the story. This is how I pieced it together. The absurd thing about it all was that it began so happily. It was in the year 1920, when Marie Tempest and Graham Browne finished a very successful theatrical tour of Australia, with a "bumper" short season in Sydney.

Holidays are always sweetest when the work that precedes them is arduous but successful. The tour had certainly been arduous, entailing long, exhausting journeys with all their attendant worries, while, in addition, it had been so successful that, despite the danger of looking a gift horse in the mouth, it had become almost monotonous.

Therefore, it was with the delightful anticipation of a really quiet and restful holiday that Marie Tempest and Graham Browne installed themselves in a large mansion about twenty miles from Sydney, standing in a large, if slightly treeless park, which was bounded on one side by low cliffs and the sea. The house had been built by a crazy millionaire with a *flair* for luxury, whose early death had given a French couple the opportunity of acquiring it and turning it into a supremely comfortable hotel.

It was a perfect holiday, and the days passed in sublime succession. There were many things to help to make time fly. There were horses to ride, game to shoot, a nine-hole golf course, and a swimming pool.

This last was the chief attraction. The pool was cut in hard, black, igneous rock, right on the edge of the cliff, and had been one of the millionaire's more expensive foibles. It was an ideal position for it. At high tide, twice a day, the sea surged over the low cliff, filling the bath with fresh water, and when, as often happened, a sea breeze was blowing, the spray from the waves pounding themselves into foam on the rocks below would sweep across it, giving one all the thrill of a sea bathe without any of its dangers.

And there were dangers in plenty in that tropical sea. Sharp rocks ready to tear and crush, hiding in their dark recesses the sinister octopus with its powerful, inescapable tentacles; jelly-fish, whose sting is often fatal to human beings; sharks, whose attack is so sudden and swift, and whose teeth are so merciless to their prey, were all waiting to take their toll of anyone who was foolhardy enough to attempt to defy them, or who was unfortunate enough to fall within their clutches.

Marie Tempest paused in the telling of her story and shivered slightly. "But there was something else in that sea—the groper. It's a fish that not many people know about, and I only learned about it by accident, when I picked up a book in the library of the hotel, called 'Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate.'" Marie Tempest shuddered. "But the pearl divers in New Guinea know all about it. It's the worst danger they have to face."

The shark apparently has, despite his evil reputation, at least one amiable trait in his character. He avoids pearl divers wearing diving suits; but the groper, perhaps the most vicious of fish, attacks them mercilessly and tears off their hands. The description of the groper in the book, terrifying as it was, fascinated Marie Tempest, especially when she learned that the fish was said to haunt the rocks at the foot of the cliff where the bathing pool was.

"We ought to have known better, I suppose, but perhaps we had had enough of our quiet holiday and were longing for a bit of real excitement," continued Marie Tempest. "Anyhow, my husband and I got some fishing tackle and made up our minds to catch one of these brutes."

Every day Marie Tempest and Graham Browne fished for the groper from the bottom of the cliff, which was "dry" at low water; but, as is always the way, they caught almost everything but the fish they were after. The last day of their holiday came. Again no trace of a groper manifested itself. The tide began to rise once more, slowly warning them to retire up the cliff and to give up the attempt.

But as Graham Browne rebaited his hook for one last cast, Marie Tempest felt a violent tug at her line. A sudden panic seized her—this bite felt different from the rest—supposing it was . . . ? But, no, it couldn't be. She pulled herself together and began to "play" her catch, but it was a task beyond her strength. She turned her head to call to Graham Browne for assistance, when suddenly a green film came in front of her eyes. At the same time she felt her feet swept from under her. One of those waves which, on the rise of the tide, suddenly come higher than the rest had caught her and was now carrying her towards the deep water.

Marie Tempest struggled to regain her hold on the rocks as she was swept over them, but her hands slipped off everything—she felt herself lost in a world of green—she realised that she was being drowned, and in the delirium of the moment a vision appeared to her. It was a fish—*a groper* . . . there was no doubt about it—it fitted the description in the book all too well; it was coming straight for her . . . its terrible eyes seemed to bore right into her soul. Nearer—nearer . . . she could almost feel the swirl of its fins . . . then blackness—utter blackness. . . .

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself being half-carried, half-dragged up the cliff by a white-faced man." Marie Tempest nodded towards Graham Browne. He was staring straight in front of him, living again that terrible moment.

"Then he was violently sick," Marie Tempest added suddenly, smiling.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST (in private life Mrs. W. Graham Browne), the brilliant actress who made her first appearance on the stage in 1885, and is still delighting admirers of every age (at the moment she is appearing in H. M. Harwood's comedy, "The Old Folks at Home," at the Queen's Theatre), is the thirteenth to disclose her secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. She made a considerable name as a light operatic star, both in this country and in America, before severing her connection with musical plays, and settling down as a comedy actress. Polly Eccles in the 1902 revival of "Caste" was one of her great successes, followed by Kitty Silverton in "The Marriage of Kitty"; but it is impossible to quote a tithe of the number of "hits" she has made both at home and in America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and the Far East. She is one of our great stage personalities.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS FLORENCE ILOTT—FOR CLOCKING-IN OVER THE WHOLE OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE WHILE BIG BEN STRUCK TWELVE.

MISS MAISIE GAY (here seen at the door of the hotel she is running)—FOR CONTINUING TO BE A PUBLIC "BOX" OFFICE DRAW.

MISS FLORENCE ILOTT carried out a very successful race against the old enemy, Father Time, when she ran across Westminster Bridge while Big Ben struck twelve. The length of the bridge is 1160 feet, and Big Ben takes 46 seconds for twelve strokes; so she "clocked-in" very quickly.

MISS MAISIE GAY, the famous revue star and comédienne, was a certain "box-office draw" during her stage career, when her triumphs included her appearances in "Pins and Needles," "A to Z," "London Calling," various editions of "Charlot's Revue," "This Year of Grace," "Follow a Star," and so on. Now that she has gone in for keeping a hotel, the Northey Arms, she is still a Public Box office draw—for her hotel is situated in the village of Box, in Wiltshire. In our photograph she is shown with Mr. Morris Harvey (left) and Mr. Roy Royston. She is an author as well as an actress and vocalist. Her recently-published book of reminiscences was called "Laughing Through Life."

MASTER FRANCIS FRANCIS (here seen in the arms of his mother; formerly Miss Sunny Jarman)—FOR BEING AN AIR-TRAVELLER AT THIS EARLY AGE.

MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS—FOR HER EIGHT-PIECE SHOPPING EXPEDITION, AT A COST OF 17S.

THE French are notoriously good at the management of money, and the fascinating MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS, who is drawing all London to see "Conversation Piece," is obviously no exception to this national rule. On a recent shopping expedition in London she bought one hat at 6s., one dressing-gown at 10s. 6d., and six toy balloons at a penny each. It seems unlikely that this list of "bargains" could be bettered with ease! No prize, however, is offered for attempts to do so.

MASTER FRANCIS FRANCIS, the baby son of Mr. Francis Francis and his wife, Mrs. Francis Francis (formerly Miss Sunny Jarman), is an experienced air-traveller. His parents are very enthusiastic aeroplane-owners and go everywhere in their own machine. Some weeks ago they left London in their private 'plane, accompanied by their infant son. They recently returned from Monte Carlo to Paris by air, and are now due home. Their hopeful went on every flight with them.

THE REV. H. A. RICHINGS, the Vicar of Hexton, a charming little village in Hertfordshire, has, of course, a human flock under his care. This is not enough for him, so he tends a second flock—this one of goats. They follow him with great devotion, as our photograph shows. The business of separating the sheep from the goats must be easy for him, as, to begin with, goats are not church-goers.

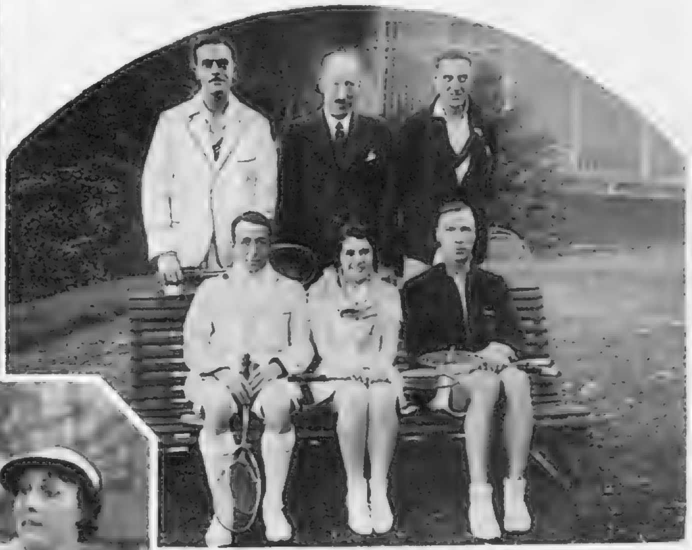
THE REV. H. A. RICHINGS—FOR HAVING A NON-CHURCH-GOING FLOCK AS WELL AS A CHURCH-GOING ONE.

CURTSEY AND POLO CLASSES; SPORTING SHORTS; AND INDIAN DANCES.

The Very Young Idea get their first lessons in polo like this. The pupils are (l. to r.) PETER WHITTALL, the HON. CECILY BERRY, youngest daughter of Lady Buckland; FLAVIA and HENRY MISA; and the teacher (right) is MAJOR MISA, who is swinging his polo stick for the class to copy the movement.

UDAY SHAN-KAR and his company of Hindu Dancers and Musicians opened their season at the Comedy Theatre last week. Our photograph shows the Indian musical instruments and the Rasa Leela Dance.

The CURTSEY CLASS in progress consists of DÉBUTANTES practising for the Courts. They are following Mrs. Ruby Peeler's method—the "knee-lock."



THE UNITED BANKS BADMINTON ASSOCIATION (here seen) beat Denmark at the Crystal Palace Club, and won the trophy presented by Hambro's Bank. (Standing; l. to r.): MR. S. G. BARKER, MR. C. A. S. LOCKING (Chairman), and MR. S. C. MINARD; and (seated) MR. A. T. LEECH, MISS V. PRITCHARD-JONES, and MR. W. A. M. DAVIS.

Both shorts and skirts were worn at the MELBURY CLUB HARD COURT LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, in which Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall played in a sky-blue one-piece outfit. These are some of the competitors having tea.

MISS N. B. BROWN looked charming in her full shorts when playing in the Melbury Club Hard Court Tournament.

FENCING girls have taken to shorts, as the photograph of MISS DARLINGTON CLARKE (standing) and MRS. SACKCOAT, competitors in the British Women's Foils Championship, shows.

LADY HADDINGTON AND LADY MARY.

The COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON is here posed with her baby daughter, LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, in her arms. She was Miss Sarah Cook, of Montreal, and is a sister of the Countess of Minto. Her marriage to the Earl of Haddington took place in 1923, and her child—her only one—was born in January last.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THERE are two schools of thought about the opening day of the London season. The auspicious date is marked either by the Private View of the Royal Academy or the first night of the Opera at Covent Garden. Personally I vote for the latter as the more exciting, both artistically and sartorially. Somehow, I seldom get good hat ideas from Burlington House on Private View Day, and the amount of æsthetic kick supplied by the pictures isn't, as a rule, sensational.

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Covent Garden, however, has been titillating our artistic appetites. The news that Rex Whistler has done the décor for "Fidelio" and the tales of wonderful atmospheric effects obtainable by means of the new "cycloramic" backcloth are exciting. The list of box- and stall-holders is well up to standard from the society point of view, and even longer than usual. It includes the names of Lord Anglesey, Lord Allendale, Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Melchett, Lady Cunard, and other well-knowns endowed with a critical appreciation of music. Lady Jowitt, a decorative leader of the intelligentsia, will also be seen regularly at the Opera; so will Captain Victor Cazalet, sportsman and Member of Parliament; and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, the American-born hostess who sings negro spirituals so admirably.

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The artists new to London this year include Viorica Ursuleac and Margit Bokor. They are both to sing in the new opera, "Arabella," and are both very easy to look at. Viorica Ursuleac is a Rumanian, who takes the title-rôle, and Margit Bokor sings Zdenka, a character who makes her first appearance in the opera dressed as a boy. She is a charming artist who originally intended to be a professional pianist, but developed such a lovely voice that she changed her mind about herself.

MISS ROSAMUND LEONARD is the young Irish pianist who is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall to-day, Wednesday April 25. She left her native Ireland for Paris at the age of seventeen, and has played to many Continental audiences in the few years that have since elapsed. Her tone is remarkable, and her renderings of Debussy and de Falla are particularly interesting.

MISS ROSAMUND LEONARD is the subject of this charming statue by MRS. W. MOLYNEUX-SEEL, which is now on view in Paris.

Fräulein Lisa Hasait is one of the notable personalities in the thick of the bustle of getting ready for the new season. She is the daughter of Max Hasait, technical assistant to Herr Erhardt, the producer. She speaks German and English equally easily, and can translate technical instructions to stage hands, artists, electricians, and anyone else around, at lightning speed for her father or Herr Erhardt, as her brain works as quickly as her bilingual tongue.

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The Austrian Minister's parties are always good, but the reception he gave to celebrate the opening of the Austrian Exhibition in London was even better than usual. The people were immensely grand, and the supper extra lavish. A special flavour of nationality was provided by the excellent light lager, a drink which I don't remember having met at Franckenstein parties before.

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His Excellency, who received at the head of the stairs, is an excellent host, and always likes his guests well settled before the music starts. I arrived early, but so quickly had the rooms filled that Baron Franckenstein was beginning to ask with a note of anxiety: "*Wo ist Platz?*" as guests streamed in.

MR. PASCOE GLYN, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. Maurice Glyn and of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Glyn, married MISS KATHARINE FLORITA GRENFELL, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, at the Guards' Chapel. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. D. Symons.

There were, however, places for all. Mrs. Jack Gilliat, "Eddy" Stonor, and Geoffrey Toye were a trio just beside me. The last-named, who would not dream of even whispering a word when music is in progress, occasionally wrote down a message to one of his friends on the edge of the programme. Mrs. Gilliat, by the way, provided a nice new fashion-note by her bunch of white satin arum lilies pinned with a diamond flower to the shoulder of her white chiffon dress.

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It was interesting to hear Desirée Halban-Kurz, as she is the daughter of the famous Selma Kurz who used to sing at Covent Garden. Lisa Minghetti played an obbligato for one number, a Caprice Viennoise which was arranged by Kreisler for Selma Kurz.

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Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, Lord Reading, and Sir John Simon were all near the front; an impressive crowd of diplomats had assembled; and Captain Victor Cazalet, whom I always regard as the *very* smartest of all our *chic* young politicians, was also present. Lady Chamberlain looked imposing; Lord Zetland and Mr. Amery were in deep conversation—someone said about the recent "fireworks" in the House of Commons; and Lady Oxford, who took up a strategic position on a settee near the piano, was soon joined by the French Ambassador. As soon as Tauber had finished his group of songs, she entered into conversation with him, and as he at once gave "You are My Heart's Delight" as an encore, I can only suppose that she suggested this popular song.

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My loveliest memory of the party is a picture, not a musical number. I saw Lady Howe, Lady Georgiana Curzon, and Princess Bismarck sitting together, each looking a dream. Lady Howe wore a "romantic" black dress, and Princess Bismarck had a very attractive model, a black skirt and a bodice adorned with a coloured design in pinks and blues, which showed off her slender figure to perfection.

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Fancy being able to enjoy the first day of the Craven Meeting at Newmarket without being wrapped up in a fur coat! The warm spring weather enabled us to loll over the rails and bask in the sunshine. All the "old gang" were back on parade. Every second person was talking of a trip abroad. Lady de Trafford, for instance, discussed Mombasa and East Africa,

The infant son and heir of SIR HUGH SMILEY, BT., and LADY SMILEY (formerly Miss Nancy Beaton) was christened at St. John's Church, Whitchurch Hill, Oxon. The child received the names of John Philip.

The marriage of LORD ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART, second son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, to LADY JANET MONTGOMERIE, second daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton and of Beatrice, Countess of Eglinton and Winton, was solemnised at St. Edward's Church, Windsor.

where she has been since the last meeting at Newmarket; and Lord Stonehaven was speaking of his yachting trip.

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New faces for races this year include Lady Gloria Vaughan, who wears a brown felt Breton sailor hat exactly as it should be worn. As there are a good many varieties of "should nots" for this particular model, we are glad to be able to indicate a pattern. Miss Ruth Primrose and her half-sister, Miss Priscilla Bullock, are also beginning to be known as "regulars." Their maternal grandparents, Lord and Lady Derby, take them to most meetings. They were at Newmarket with the latter, for Lord Derby, like a number of other distinguished people, was not there on Budget Day. His feminine representatives spent most of their time at the boxes, looking at the family horses.

The engagement of MISS BESSIE MYERS, younger daughter of Mr. M. S. Myers and of Mrs. Myers, of Green Cottage, Upper Brook Street, W.1, to Surgeon-Lieut.-Commander V. G. Horan, R.N., youngest son of the late Mr. John Horan and of Mrs. Horan, of Rathgar, Co. Dublin, has been announced.

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Miss Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lady Rosebery, is another young racegoer who was to be seen at Newmarket. She is fair, with rather a round face and a charming expression. Her rust-tweed suit was worn with a greenish felt hat and jumper — a good country colour scheme.

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Lady Janet Crichton-Stuart, formerly Lady Janet Montgomerie, had an original engagement ring, thought out by her bridegroom, Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart. It consisted of five "eternity" rings, with stones which spelt out her name—jacinth, aquamarine, etc.—and looked decorative as well as being romantic. Romanticism is, they say, about to stage a big "come-back." After all our practice with cross-word puzzles, we ought to be pretty good at thinking out love-letters in flowers and expressions of regard in bits of jewellery.

The HON. MRS. DENNIS CRAIG, daughter-in-law of Lord Craigavon, visited the exhibition of the recently-formed group of artists known as "Unit One," at the Mayor Gallery. She is contemplating a work by Henry Moore, representing a woman, which is on view at the exhibition.

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The bride or bridegroom of 1934 who has no old Nannie to offer notable wedding gifts must feel terribly out of it, for "Nannie presents" have been a feature of most of the weddings of the year. Lady Janet Crichton-Stuart was delighted with her Nannie's present of a bedspread. Not only was it a very handsome one, but it was the only specimen among the hundreds of gifts. Lord Robert got a very grand hammered-silver cigarette-case from *his* Nannie, who is now postmistress on the Island of Eigg, for the Crichton-Stuart family no longer require the services of a children's nurse.

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The première at the Curzon kept up the standard of film first-night *chic*. Such well-dressed women and such well-groomed heads! In spite of the warm night, there were very few backless dresses, so perhaps we are to grow all modest again. Lord Ratendone was there, with Miss Mary Foster, whose immense blue boa of ostrich feathers was a treat; and the Bismarcks showed that diplomats enjoy the "flicks", just as much as you and I.

MISS EVELYN MARGARET MARY MOSTYN, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Mostyn and half-sister of Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bt., is engaged to Mr. Richard Somers Angus Hardy, of Weaver Lodge, Uttoxeter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hardy.

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The art of the Indian dancers is exceptional—so was their first-night audience at the Comedy Theatre. The great Augustus, who is rarely seen at a theatre (though he is quite a film fan), came with Mrs. John, and his sailor son, Caspar, was in another part of the house. Miss Ethel Walker, one of the best women painters we have, was also there. She is never seen at an ordinary first night, though she goes to those of the Russian Ballet. Sir William and Lady Rothenstein, Mr. Edward Wolfe, and Mr. Stuart-Hill were other artists present, but the "regulars" seemed all to have deserted, even Mr. Eddy Marsh was not visible.

MISS JOAN BIRDWOOD TAYLOR is the winner of the London Medal (the highest award for solo dancing) in the All-England Sunshine Dancing Competition, 1934. She is a pupil of Miss Vacani.

This very distinguished audience was thrilled by the high artistic quality of the performance. Uday Shan-Kar and his dancers gave us a real æsthetic "kick." By the way, the women had the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands stained red. This might perhaps provide us with a new fashion-note! MARIEGOLD.

THE AUSTRALIANS – ALL ABOARD FOR THE TESTS.

The Australian cricketers sailed from Melbourne on March 20 in the "Orford," and are due in England to-morrow (April 26). The first Test begins on June 8, at Nottingham. C. V. GRIMMETT (S. Australia), who is bringing his bowling wiles with him, and W. A. OLDFIELD (N.S.W.), a "wizard" behind the "sticks," are shown together.

H. EBELING (Victoria) is a new bowler who is expected to do well.

S. J. McCABE (N.S.W.) is a great bat, a rival to Don Bradman.

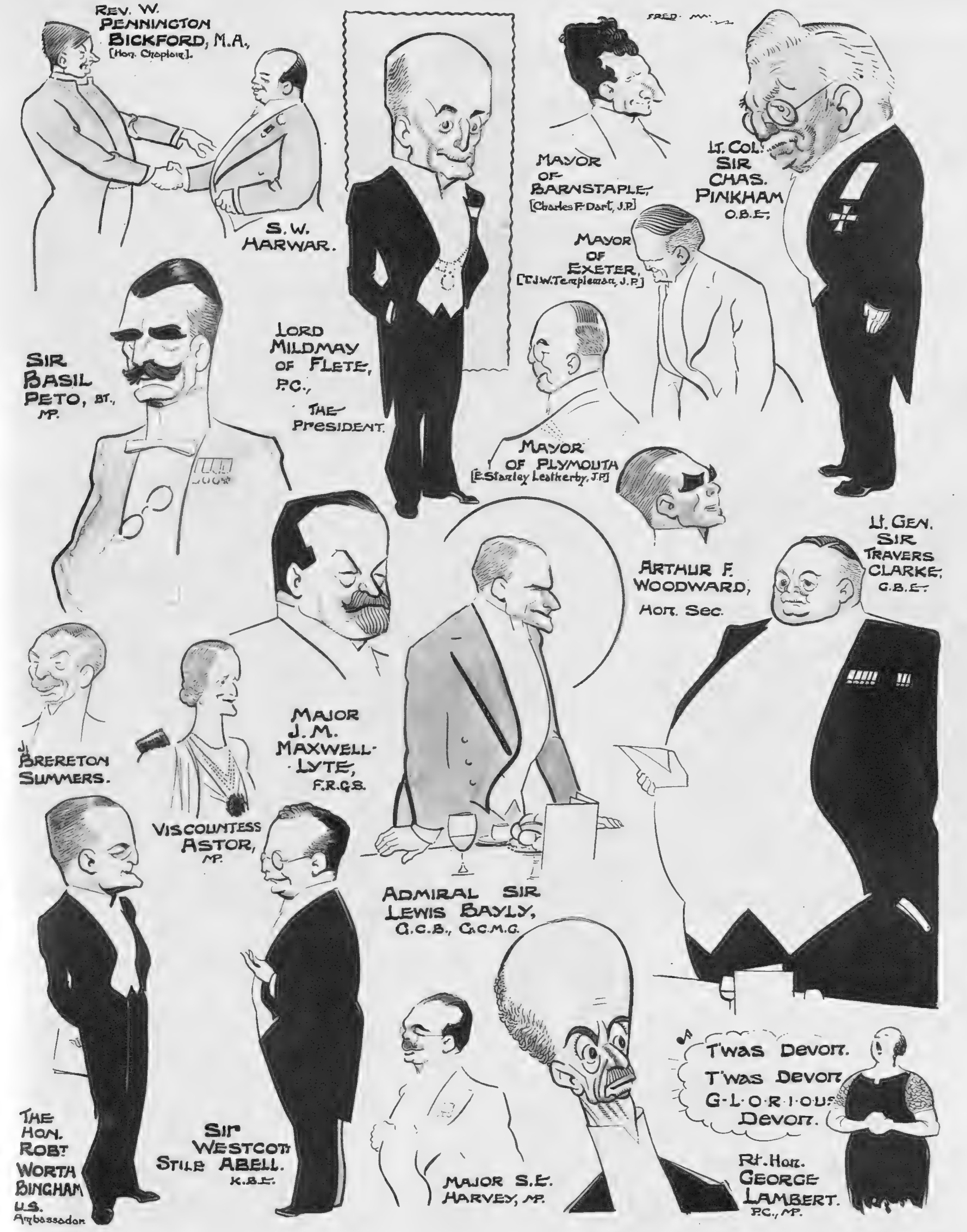
The Captain, W. M. WOODFULL (Victoria), was photographed in a contemplative mood.

L. DARLING (Victoria) is a dashing left-hand bat and a useful change bowler.

A gramophone recital is an enjoyable feature of life aboard ship. W. H. PONSFORD (Victoria), a player who has held run-getting records; W. M. WOODFULL, the Captain, who is a schoolmaster by profession; and A. A. MAILEY, the former Test cricketer and slow bowler, are the audience.

(Left) A. F. KIPPAX (N.S.W.) is considered by some to be Australia's most stylish bat. He is with E. A. CHIPPERFIELD (N.S.W.), whose selection has surprised some people. He is a brilliant slip-fielder. He is only twenty.

B. J. BARNETT (Victoria), a left-handed player, is a new wicket-keeper. He was snapshotted while cock-fighting.

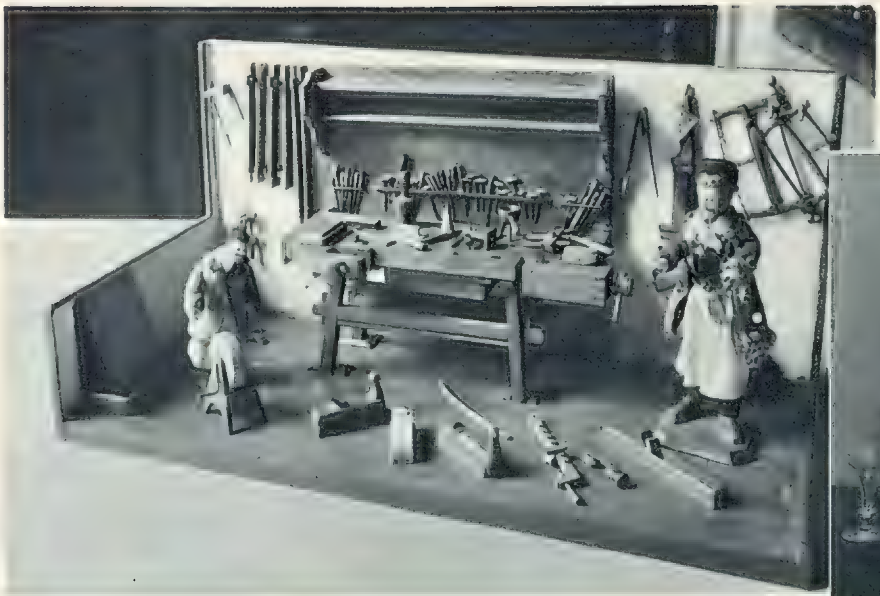


DEVON, GLORIOUS DEVON IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE LONDON DEVONIAN ASSOCIATION held their Annual Dinner and Dance last week, in thorough West Country tradition, and, among other toasts, drank to the immortal memory of Drake, Raleigh, and other Devon worthies. Lord Mildmay of Flete, Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire and President of the Association, was in the Chair: he proposed the toast of "Devon—our County and its Illustrious Sons," which was replied to by his Excellency the United States Ambassador, the Hon. Robert Worth Bingham, who is of Barnstaple descent. Among many local celebrities, Lady Astor, M.P. for the Sutton Division of Plymouth, was present.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

PLAYTHINGS AND PORTRAITS OF BYGONE CHILDREN.



The early nineteenth-century CARPENTER'S SHOP is one of the most beautiful toys on view at the exhibition of "CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES" at Chesterfield House, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The tools are all models which can be used.

(Lent by Mrs. Glidden Osborne.)

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has lent some of the toys with which she played as a child at White Lodge.

"LADY DIANA RUSSELL" is the subject of this portrait. The actual gold-and-coral rattle shown in the picture is also on exhibition. She married the first Earl of Bradford (then Francis Newport) in 1642.

(Lent by the Countess of Bradford.)

"THOMAS POPE, 4th EARL OF DOWNE AND BARON POPE OF BELTURBET," by Adriæn Hanneman (c. 1601-1671), as a child. Lord Downe died in 1668 and the title became extinct.

(Lent by Messrs. Knoedler.)

LADY ARABELLA STUART shows this famous and unfortunate lady in 1577. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Cavendish and her husband, Charles Stuart, the fourth Earl of Lennox, paternal uncle of James I.

(Lent by the Duke of Devonshire.)

NAPOLEON'S christening gift to his son, "L'Aiglon," the tragic King of Rome, consisted of this silver set. The covered dish is surmounted by the Eagle.

(Lent by Mrs. Cecil Bevis.)

"THE SETON CHILDREN" is an amusing picture of two boys with fighting cocks and an Indian servant.

(Lent by Lady Seton-Karr.)

GRAN'POP ACHIEVES CARD FAME!

Gran'pop has now become a Black Cat cigarette card hero.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

Shorts can't kill feminine allure, nor does cross-country running transform the girl into a mere athlete. There's more than a mere mud-splash of the cat left in Atalanta; and she can still register feminine distress over a barbed-wire attack on her shorts! One of our athletes has the support of a very genuine *cavaliere servente*—complete with an umbrella—but others just depend on motherly affection at the end of the course!

DRAWN BY RENÉ VINCENT.

MODERN ATALANTAS: OUR CROSS-COUNTRY GIRLS.

DORMY

one down —and one to go

GUINNESS

is good for your Golf

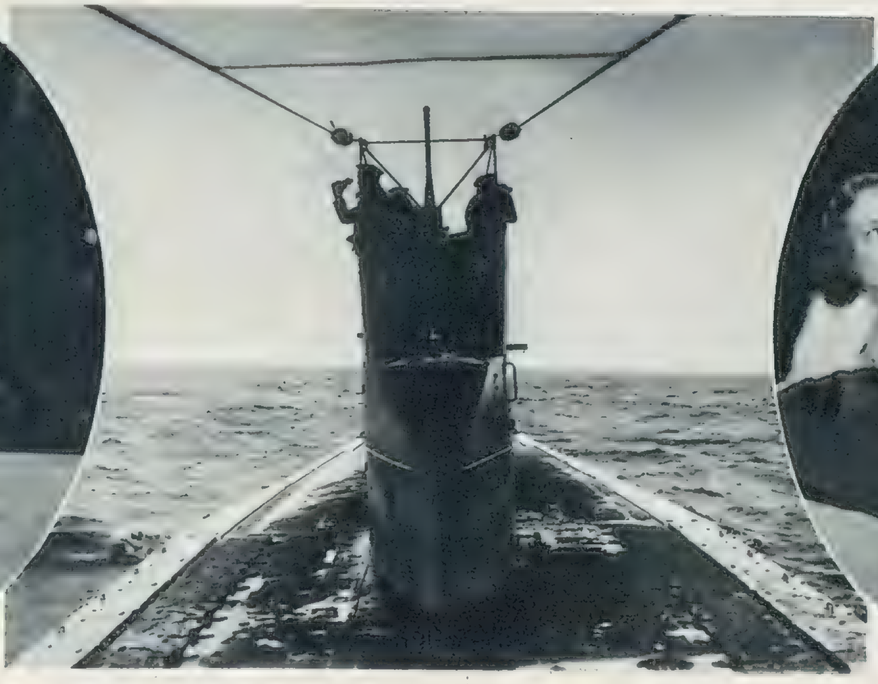
G.E. 388A

"MORGENROT" FIRST-NIGHTERS.

MR. ERIC HAKIM, the MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, COUNT TORBY, and MRS. ERIC HAKIM. Lady Milford Haven is a sister of Count Torby.

MR. CHARLES BIRKIN, MRS. JOHN MUSKER, and MR. MICHAEL RENSHAW. Mrs. Musker is a daughter of the late Mrs. Loeffler.

The lovely MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH.



"MORGENROT," the German Naval film which was shown privately in London a year ago, began a run at the Curzon Cinema last week. It is a notable picture dealing with the conflict which went on during the war between the German U-boats and the British Q-ships. The other photographs on this page show some of the many well-known people who attended the first night.

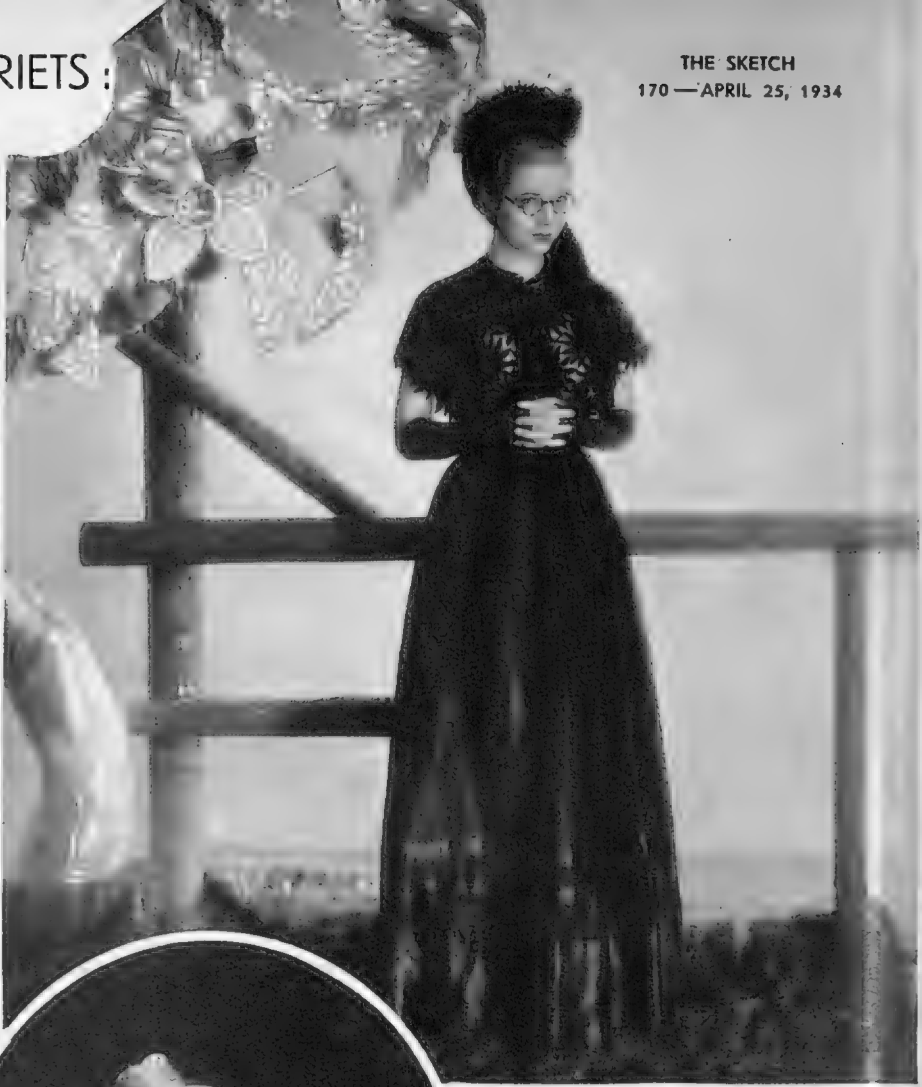
MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD and MARQUIS CAPPELLI.

BARON MARSCHALL, PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK, BARONESS MARSCHALL, and PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK.

LADY MOUNT TEMPLE and CAPTAIN SWAN were among the many first-nighters.

JESSIE MATTHEWS AS TWO HARRIETS:

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS as Harriet Green I. in a dress of the 'nineties.



Harriet I. looks very demure.

She can also look attractively eighteenth-century.

Spain was the inspiration of this dress for young Harriet.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS played Harriet Harriet Green I. and Harriet Green II. in The action opens with Harriet Green I.'s to marry Lord Staines, but the reappearance pass, and her little daughter, Harriet II., so, she pretends to be her own mother—an But she and her supposed "son" fall in love, away. Here MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS dresser, Mrs. Hawks

THE SCREEN'S "EVERGREEN" HEROINE.

But it's easy to change her mood by dropping her skirt!

Harriet II. is an enchanting modern.

Green in the stage play "Evergreen." She is the Gaumont-British picture "Evergreen." retirement from the stage. She had intended of her legal husband prevents this. Years ries to get a job on the stage. In order to do "evergreen" actress with a grown-up son. and on her first night she gives the whole show s Harriet I. in her dressing-room with her BETTY SHALE).

Harriet II. in a 1934 dance.

A charming "close-up" of JESSIE MATTHEWS as Harriet II.

TATTENHAM CORNER during the running of the DERBY is one of the spectacular scenes in "THREE SISTERS," at Drury Lane. Our photograph illustrates the moment when the result of the race is known. Durbar II. has won, to the distress of many! Tiny (CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD) is standing with outstretched arms on the top of the coach.

The Epsom scenes in "Three Sisters" are set in 1914. These three dresses illustrate the fashions of the period.

Two of the costumes worn in the Derby Day scene of 1914. The tunic effect and the hats should be specially noted.

BOULTER'S LOCK on August Bank Holiday, 1924, is the closing scene. The river-craft are raised as if by the water. In the punt next to the launch, "Tiny" (CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD) is seen with her P.-c. husband (STANLEY HOLLOWAY) and their many twins.

THE DERBY AND BOULTER'S LOCK IN DRURY LANE.

COVENT GARDEN — NOTABLE NEWCOMERS AND WELCOME WELL-KNOWNS.

RUTH BERGLUND is one of the notable newcomers who will be heard at Covent Garden during the season of International Grand Opera which opens on Monday, April 30. She is here seen as Magdalena in "Die Meistersinger"; and she is to sing Adelaide in Strauss's new opera, "Arabella."

LOTTE LEHMANN, the well-known Viennese soprano, will again this year sing in the Wagner operas at Covent Garden.

FRIDA LEIDER is one of the most popular of the great singers who have appeared in recent years at Covent Garden. Brunhilde is one of her famous rôles.

ANNE ROSELLE, here seen as Turandot, is one of the well-known singers who will make a welcome reappearance in London this season.

VIORICA URSULEAC, the Rumanian prima donna, has never before been heard at Covent Garden. She sings the title-rôle in "Arabella," and is shown in costume for this part.

MISS MARY JARRED is one of the English singers for the forthcoming season. She is shown as Königin Eisherl in Weinberger's opera, "Schwanda," which is to be given this year. She also sings Erda and a Walkure in the "Ring."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

FOR reasons that shall presently appear, I should describe the opening act of Mr. Elmer Rice's "COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW," at the Piccadilly as a *tour-de-force* rather than a persuasive picture. No lawyer's reception-room, from the secluded sanctums in the Temple to the chromium-plated, metal-furnished offices in a New York sky-scraper, is quite such a delirium of activity as this of Simon and Tedesco. But it is part of a theatrical myth and, when it is exploited with such precision of timing as Mr. Herbert Prentice secures, it whets excitement and adds tension to the story. The girl at the switchboard plugs in and plugs out, chattering in continually interrupted conversation a fragment

"THE LAUGHING WOMAN," at the New Theatre. "Bust me no busts," must be the inward prayer of René Latour (STEPHEN HAGGARD; left) when his mistress, Ingrid (VERONICA TURLEIGH), makes free with one of his unfinished pieces. Incidents of this kind make ars *unnecessarily* longa *and* vita *too* brevis.

of personal history; secretaries, clerks, and messengers come and go through swing-doors, throwing a phrase or an attitude; clients wait and their remarks temper admiration with rhetoric; and eventually the great Simon, focus of the story, makes his entrance and exit. This ordered breathless and restless animation creates the right *Stimmung*. Out of such ferment something must happen. The fable is as swift as the background. If we pause, the fractures will yawn into crevasses, but the playwright is too consummate a craftsman to allow mental breathing space.

The action turns on the generous impulses of George Simon. They blind him to his wife's shallowness, prevent his recognition of the reticent devotion of his personal secretary, make him touchingly affectionate to his old mother, and are responsible for his quixotic defence of a criminal, where he breaks the law to defeat it. That was years before, when he was struggling at the bottom of the ladder, and now he is successful a jealous rival threatens his ruin. The fight and the victory, the infidelity of his wife in that very hour, his contemplated suicide and rescue by yet another summoning telephone, provide a quick-moving story full of surprise and suspense. The big company give it just the required slickness and edge, etching their parts in clearly defined lines. Miss Elspeth Duxbury draws a tender and appealing portrait of Rexie, his secretary; while Miss Edie Martin, Miss Vivienne Bennett, and Mr. Charles Victor contribute particularly praiseworthy sketches. The burden falls, of course, on Mr. Hugh Miller as Simon, but he carries it convincingly.

Of that experiment with boy actors at the Vaudeville I can only say that at any rate the children on both sides of the curtain thoroughly enjoyed themselves. But "EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES" will not fit the stage as it does the screen or the novel, for Mr. Cyrus Brook's version, except in the opening episodes in the train and the final capture, falls flat. It was a mistake to introduce the characters cinema-fashion, and the staging hardly helped the illusion. It is not the fault of Mr. Cass, whose production is ingenious enough, nor that of Mr. Cecil Trouncer's sinister villain in the bowler hat, that the chase is not continuously exciting. The boys and the one little girl on a bicycle romp and storm the auditorium, and their jovial high spirits keep the pot boiling. But the cinema does this kind of piece better.

In sharp contrast to this artlessness we get an essay in witty sophistication at the Royalty, where Mr. C. B. Fernald's adaptation of "THE MASK AND THE FACE" is being revived. Its brittle artifice, which has for a motive the pompous vanity of an Italian Count, treads lightly from absurdity to absurdity as a skater on thin ice. In a burst of self-righteousness, he swears that if his wife is not like Cæsar's, above suspicion, he will put her to death. The suspicion is aroused, and to save his face he pretends he has thrown her into the lake. He is tried, sentenced, released, becomes a local celebrity, is hailed by the mayor and town band in public, and showered with love-letters from feminine admirers in private. The crowning joke is when his wife, whom he cannot live without, attends her own funeral. Exposure follows, and for the first time he laughs at himself. Miss Jeanne de Casalis is aglow with sparkling mockery; Miss Iris Baker is deliciously capricious; Mr. Roland Culver and Mr. Ivan Samson philander amusingly; Mr. Richard Goolden provides a mordant chorus, and the rest reinforce the comic situation in which Mr. Franklin Dyall finds himself—a situation absurdly solemn and all the more entertaining because it does not degenerate into clowning.

"THE LAUGHING WOMAN," at the New Theatre. A portrait of the artist by Sherriffs. STEPHEN HAGGARD is seen as René Latour, the young artistic genius of the new Gordon Daviot play, posed by the side of the bust bearing that title. It represents his love, Ingrid, who is played by Veronica Turleigh.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's lively farce, "Good Morning, Bill," moves to the Savile, and at the Shaftesbury Miss Mary Newcomb appears in "THERE'S ALWAYS TO-MORROW." It is a piece carried chiefly by the acting, for this story of a mother with a "son fixation" is so wrecked by conscious theatrical devices that it is only saved from melodrama by the steadiness of the playing. This Lady Carlingford, whose possessive instinct for her boy makes her drug his young wife by adding alcohol to the wine, not only acts unreasonably, which may be natural in such a subject, but impossibly. There is no analysis of her complex soul, and no exploration of motives. We do not watch the steady pressure of her antagonism and its effects on the young lovers; the theme, though an old one, would have had its compelling interests. That is not Mr. Lionel Brown's way. He continually aims at vivid effects, building up to the hysterical drunken scene in the second act, and explaining it by ingenious tricks which involve an imitation of a "drunk" by the butler, Mr. Harry Hewitt, till such currents of emotion that are roused hardly reach beyond the stage. Mr. Austin Trevor, as the resourceful husband, is the only one permitted to give a quiet statement, and is therefore most convincing. Miss Mary Newcomb, in a part that offers little substance, acts so well against the handicaps that we wish she had been served better. An amusing relief is provided by Miss Kate Cutler, and is reinforced by Mr. Aubrey Mallalieu; while Miss Viola Keats and Mr. Hargrave Pawson, as the young lovers, do what is required with competence.—G. F. H.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVI.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO

THE CINEMA.

AT the Carlton, Al Jolson returns to the screen after an absence of several years — a comedian this time who almost, but not quite, eschews sentimentality in his portrayal of Al Wonder, the wise-cracking proprietor of the "WONDER BAR." Bearing little resemblance to the stage show whose name it takes, this film follows the "Grand Hotel" tradition, though in lighter vein, the story dealing with the adventures of several groups of people during the course of a single evening at a Montmartre night-club, where a murder, a suicide, and a tragic love-affair occur without causing more than a ripple in the smooth flow of luxurious entertainment presided over by the versatile and ubiquitous Mr. Jolson. The thread of the story is occasionally lost in a welter of spectacular cabaret turns, whose lavishness palpably exceeds the limits of any night-club, the vast chorus being multiplied sixteen-fold by cunningly placed mirrors; while Al himself is actually seen "Going to Heaven on a Mule" to the words of his own song. Though the strong performances of Ricardo Cortez as a rascally dancer, Dolores del Rio as his partner, and Kay Francis as an infatuated society beauty always hold our interest, it is Jolson the Wonder who really is the show.

Another one-man performance is given in "ROMAN SCANDALS," at the Leicester Square Theatre, for, though the plot is artificial and clearly constructed to provide comic situations, the genius of Eddie Cantor triumphantly holds our attention from its bare patches. As the small-town "hick" who is transported in a dream-fantasy into a setting of Imperial Rome, this supreme artist of the saucer eyes finds his best form in a historical burlesque of audacious extravagance. Though more serious issues are introduced with the sadistic Valerius and his treacherous Empress, Mr. Cantor is always good fun, and frequently uproarious, whether as the Emperor's food-taster who has to choose between two devilled nightingales (one of which is poisoned), or in the disguise of an Ethiopian physician tripping in a toga among the ladies' baths. The sumptuousness of the ancient city is displayed in numerous chorus ensembles devised by Busby Berkeley (who devised similar numbers in "Wonder Bar"), and includes a colossal slave-market scene with very undressed Nordic maidens in abundance and surprisingly few purchasers. The love interest is pleasantly handled by David Manners as Josephus and Gloria Stuart as a captive princess of the Britons, and the film culminates in a chariot-race whose hair-raising thrills dim the vague memories of "Ben Hur."

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW," at the Piccadilly Theatre. HUGH MILLER is here seen as George Simon, the young forensic genius of the play. He is posed in front of a statue of Yankee Justice. Justice, it should be observed, has one eye on him.

The magnificent scenery of the Austrian Tyrol is made full use of in "AUTUMN CROCUS," which, under Basil Dean's direction, is now brought to the screen at the Rialto. The stage-play of Miss Dodie Smith had perforce to rely on indirect means for its atmosphere, and its success was largely due to the high quality of the acting. The sad little romance of an English schoolmarm, encountering too late in life the glamour of mountain scenery and the charm of a young Tyrolean hotel-keeper, is now perfectly realised against the very landscape of its inception. Miss Fay Compton repeats her stage achievement in a performance of rare delicacy, without a single false note. So fully does she realise a sensitive, difficult rôle that the slightness of the story is hardly noticed; we become completely enthralled in her character alone, and there is a world of pathos in her resuming of her hateful school-mistress's spectacles as she bids farewell to the mountains and her lost youth. Ivor Novello does not extract full value from his Romeo part, but that may be because the author has not allowed him the words to express his side of the affair. Muriel Aked and Frederick Ranalow retain their stage parts, and the rest of the cast are uniformly good. Sincere direction and beautiful photography make this film one not easily to be forgotten.

James Cagney displays something of his old form as a "tough guy" in "LADY KILLER" (Regal), with a performance whose force and vitality lend conviction to the story of an unruly cinema attendant who rises to success as a Hollywood film star, *via* the unusual route of Chicago gangsterland. It is a typical Cagney rôle, designed to prove that whatever this star may lack in inches, he makes up in virility—a fact that most of his fans are ready to concede — yet we are somehow or other persuaded to believe that there lies a heart of gold behind his lack of manners. The scenes in the film studio are handled with a pleasant touch of satire, showing that there are at least some directors who see themselves as others see them; and the climax is a glorious machine-gun battle, from which Cagney emerges victorious and duly gets his girl.

The companion picture is "ON SECRET SERVICE," an English version of "Spione Am Werke," recently shown in London. Greta Nissen and Carl Ludwig Diehl play the parts of spies working on opposite sides, whose love-affair leads to tragedy; but the direction of this stereotyped story is on leisurely lines, and barely manages to hold our interest.—B. T.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY presented "NO! NO! NANETTE" at the Scala Theatre last week. This is the scene in Act 1; set in the home of James Smith, in Mayfair.

The characters are (l to r.) Jimmy Smith (MR. HERBERT ALEXANDER), Sue Smith (MISS GLADYS VALENTINE), Nanette (MISS ROSEMARY FOTHERINGHAM-PARKER), Billy Early (MR. EDWARD MARGETSON), Tom Trainor (MR. DEREK EARDLEY), Lucille (MISS BARBARA PETT-FRASER).

MR. DEREK EARDLEY and MISS ROSEMARY FOTHERINGHAM-PARKER as Tom Trainor and Nanette.

MR. EDWARD MARGETSON and MISS ROSEMARY FOTHERINGHAM-PARKER as Billy Early and Nanette.

Billy Early (MR. EDWARD MARGETSON), Jimmy Smith (MR. HERBERT ALEXANDER), and Sue Smith (MISS GLADYS VALENTINE) are seen in the second act—"Outside the Cottage, Sunnycliff."

STOCK EXCHANGE AMATEURS IN "NO! NO! NANETTE."

DANCERS TAUGHT BY THEIR OWN SHADOWS.

These striking photographs show child members of the Warsaw Opera Ballet studying with the help of their own shadows, which magnify every movement and allow each dancer to criticise herself. Imperial Russia, where the great Russian Ballet was born and developed, is no more, but the traditions of the Tsarist Ballet are carried on in Warsaw, for the ballet at the Opera House there is considered of the greatest importance, and the young dancers are trained as severely and as carefully as they were in the golden days of the Imperial Ballet. Zajlich, the director, came from Russia, and taught Anna Pavlova in pre-war days, when there were some 80 per cent. of Poles in the ballet.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE Silver family, father, mother, and five daughters, lived in Oleander Street, a neighbouring thoroughfare to the Magnolia Street already familiar to Mr. Golding's readers. Their kitchen was a haunt of anarchists; mild, peaceable men for the most part. But among them was a real firebrand, Polednik, the friend of Lenin. He was not an anarchist, but a Bolshevist (in those far-off, pre-war days, anarchists, communists, and socialists were liable to be confused). He recognised in Smirnof, another habitué of the Silver kitchen, a traitor to the communist cause; and one evening he tried to strangle him. Sarah, one of Sam Silver's daughters, hauled Polednik off by the hair, but it was a near thing. The pleasant Saturday night symposia never recovered from the shock of this violent deed—not even when Smirnof had married his rescuer, and Polednik, by marrying another Silver daughter, Susan, had also become one of the family. Then Sam Silver electrified everyone by turning capitalist. He won a prize at a lottery; he bought a small business; he engaged Smirnof as his secretary. By 1914 his waterproof factory was already doing well. Two or three years later, war-profits had made him a millionaire. He moved from Oleander Street to Ivanhoe Towers, and thence to Pennine Grange. His wife now wore pearls far more valuable than the cherished necklace she had taken with her from her home in Russia, and the five daughters were heiresses.

How They Prospered.

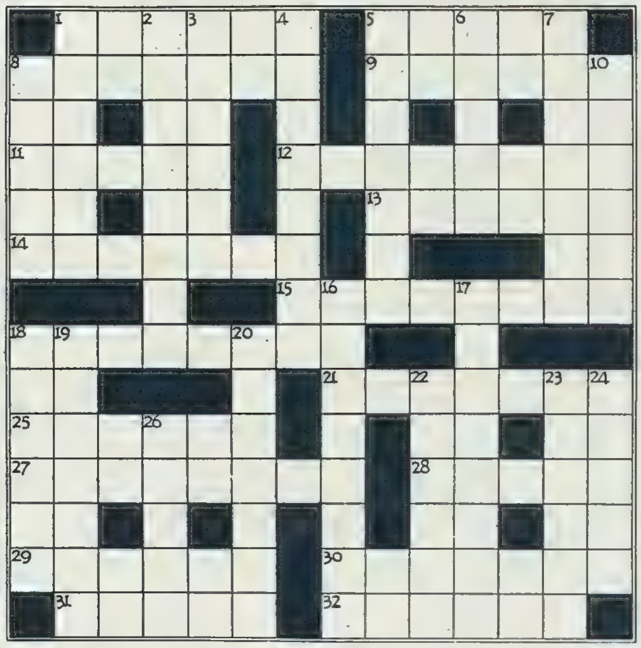
What they did with their fortunes—or perhaps I should say, what their fortunes did with them—is the subject of Mr. Golding's long, lively, eloquent, sensational romance. For romance it is, though written with a great deal of realistic detail. Mr. Golding proves himself capable of handling, with a brilliance that dazzles the lay mind, such diverse and technical subjects as the Russian Revolution, High Finance, and Night Life in Berlin. He does not do this merely for the sake of displaying his versatility. Susan's career is intimately connected with the Revolution, in which her husband played a leading rôle. Eventually she turned herself into a fairly satisfactory Comrade, possessed of a "sound ideology," though over-much given to humanitarian enterprises. She made her home in Moscow. Elsie threw up her career on the stage and married Sir Robert Malswetting, "the handsomest man in the world." They gambolled with the fashionable throng at Cap Ferrat. But when she found her Adonis crying from terror in a dentist's waiting-room, she abandoned him and repaired to Berlin, where she found another affinity, a German nobleman much scarred from duels. Smirnof's fraudulent company-promoting affected not only him and his wife Sarah, but the whole family; in fact, it directly precipitated the extraordinary *dénouement* with which the story ends.

The Dénouement.

That *dénouement*, though dramatically appropriate and effective, is not entirely satisfactory. It completes the pattern too neatly; it not only brings the wheel full-circle, it puts it back in position with an almost audible click. Frankly, I could not quite believe in it. Sam Silver's change of heart is credible enough. But that he should have chosen that particular method (however logical) of signalising it seems contrary to human nature. His return to humble circumstances in Oleander Street would be effective on the stage, but even on the stage it would seem improbable, and in a novel, where purely dramatic effects have much less force, it seems theatrical to the point of insincerity. "Five Silver Daughters" has many excellent qualities. It is readable; it is well documented; it displays an amazing knowledge of conditions of life in many countries. It is sometimes beautifully and always competently written. But the author's attitude towards his theme suffers ever increasingly, as the story proceeds, from a kind of rhetorical emotionalism. The relationship between May and Harry, for instance, ought to be full of pathos and nobility; but somehow it is not; we cannot believe in "the two who refrain and eat out their souls" in the twin darknesses of Sussex and Cardiff. Their emotions are all flower and no root. Some of the characters are more firmly drawn: Polednik is a convincing, though not a very subtle, portrait of a Russian revolutionary. No doubt Mr. Golding means to emphasise the contrast between the Silver daughters, their heads turned and their hearts bewildered by their sudden rise to fortune, and their old father, who stuck to the standard of values in which he had been brought up. They are artificial products, *désorientées* (all except May) by wealth; he is like an ancient Roman, *integer vitæ scelerisque purus.* He has kept his native virtue, while they are homeless in a world to which money has given them the key, but not the secret of how to live. They cannot express themselves, except by extravagant, exaggerated gestures; even their speech does not ring quite true. They do not, as the Americans say, "belong," whereas their father has only to say a sentence in his strange idiom to evoke the characteristic atmosphere of Oleander Street. "Five Silver Daughters" is a book that glitters brilliantly; but the metal is at its purest, I think, when the glitter is most subdued.

[*Continued on Page* XIV.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Women tennis-players aren't wearing these any longer.
5. This kind of plant provides a warning before friction occurs.
8. A very thin fabric, if you can find any after the quarrel.
9. Dropping one is as easy as winking.
11. When a truce is broken it naturally gives you a kind of jar.
12. Too much mixes lovers up, you see.
13. Go on! You won't find any difference in it.
14. These don't mean anything: they make you kiss her!
15. Obviously it isn't the industrious that get the dole.
18. What makes dat guy's appearance no longer dat guy's?
21. Is this a lady member of the House of Lords? She wouldn't hear much if she were!
25. You'll need a plan to construct this: it must all be well above sea-level, of course.
27. A neat receptacle for the argument. A few good intentions should lead you on to the end!
28. Even though it's in gun-powder, it *can* be made inert.
29. Calm in the midst of lesser enemies.
30. He might *say* he misses the kisses!
31. It may be quite a serious meeting, but it shouldn't end with a shake of the head.
32. The devil's in this kind of smile.

DOWN.

1. Hardly a deferential method of address.
2. Quite a suitable present, if only you could get off without supplying the ring!
3. American upset which amuses the baby.
4. Summary way of showing the pony up.
5. Cut off! Makes you see red about five.
6. Gathers in by means of spare parts.
7. Better alter the menu after a bit or you'll queer the pitch.
8. You should do this in two if you can think of the right insects.
10. The virtuous hope to get theirs, but it's a decided waste.
16. You'll see most of this with one eye, but it's entirely unnecessary.
17. Children don't mind the pill in this, even though it does go the wrong way.
18. Cows? Yes, d——d relations, too!
19. Lays to one's charge, set up from the bottom.
20. Put a cross in indeed! It's all arranged for reference.
22. People don't like being valued too highly when this is demanded.
23. Kinder divider.
24. Damaged wares make you speak strongly.
26. Decidedly pale. She's in it, of course.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, April 30, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page XII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS'S DON JUAN; AND MERLE OBERON'S PEPILLA.

1

2

1. The work of making "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" has begun at Elstree. The production is to be the most ambitious picture so far attempted by London Films. MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, as Juan, heads a brilliant cast. He is posed in this "still" with MISS MERLE OBERON, who plays Pepilla, a dancer.

2. Pepilla (MERLE OBERON) and Don Juan (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) in one of their scenes. Mr. Alexander Korda is directing; and the costumes are designed by Mr. Oliver Messel.

3. MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS as Don Juan is the centre of this group. MISS MERLE OBERON as Pepilla is shown left centre; MISS ELSA LANCHESTER as a serving-maid (in front); and MISS BENITA HUME (left of Merle Oberon) and MISS JOAN GARDNER (right centre) may also be seen. The first set, on which "shooting" has begun, depicts the interior of Juan's house. Some of the exterior sets will provide Mr. Douglas Fairbanks with opportunities to display his athletic prowess.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Two Important Meetings.

Already the English Amateur Championship is in full swing, though I shall be far from Formby, tucked away in the East Neuk of Fife, following the doings of Field-Marshals, Generals, and lesser military lights over the Old Course at St. Andrews. But, in view of what may be happening south and west in Lancashire, it is worth taking a glance at the reasonably recent activities of some of the distinguished golfers who have been—and, I hope, still are—engaged in a meeting that must have an important bearing on the final selection of our Walker Cup side. The two events to which I refer are the Addington Foursomes and the match between English Amateurs and Professionals which followed them at Royal Mid-Surrey.

The Addington Foursomes.

These, as we know, were won, and deservedly, by Rex Hartley and Abe Mitchell. Mitchell was the Mitchell we also know and admire. Rex was a new and stronger and happier Hartley, and all because the treatment to his shoulder had proved so successful. Gone was the old fear that some sudden, if

MISS PHYLLIS WADE (Ferndown), the Hampshire Lady Champion (in checked skirt), and COMMANDER N. D. HOLBROOK, V.C. (Coombe Hill; right) won the Mixed Foursomes at Cooden Beach by defeating Miss M. Gibbs and her brother, Mr. A. W. Gibbs, of Addington, in the final. They are here seen with MRS. A. S. GIBBS and MR. A. S. GIBBS, whom they beat in an earlier round.

slight, movement might at any moment incapacitate him. Back had come much of the old strength to his right arm, and with it the wide arc to his swing that I remember so well when I first saw him playing with his brother Lister in the London Foursomes on the Royal Automobile Club's course about ten years ago. As a result he played impressive, masterly golf which pleased his partner and his friends as much as it did himself, and if all goes well our selectors should have a welcome reinforcement at their disposal. Harry Bentley also distinguished himself, and that is another happy augury. Apart from the brilliant golf he is able to show, he has an aptitude for producing it when the need is desperate, and in all circumstances his heart and his smile are in the right places. In a word, he 's "champion."

The team of cricketers who met a Worplesdon side on the golf course were defeated by fourteen matches to ten on the day's play, which included foursomes and singles. MR. M. J. C. ALLOM, the fast bowler, is here seen driving off. All eyes are fixed on the flight of his ball.

Amateurs and Professionals at Royal Mid-Surrey.

These two further distinguished themselves against the "professors" at Royal Mid-Surrey. Rex Hartley, with the help of some wonderful putting by Leonard Crawley—no one who saw it will ever forget his saving long, curly putt on the last green—halved with Mitchell and R. A. Whitcombe. Hartley then went on to halve with Syd Easterbrook in the singles, taking a leaf out of Crawley's book to do it, and "our Harry," as Bentley is now known everywhere, finished all even with Henry Cotton after being three down with eleven holes played. But these were not the only brave efforts made by the Amateurs. John Beck, one of the most beautiful strikers of the ball in golf, and Ham Martin, one of the most determined, actually beat Arthur Havers and Don Curtis in the foursomes. In the singles, Cyril Gray, the Old Harrovian golfer, lofted the most difficult of stymies on the home green to win from R. A. Whitcombe; S. E. Banks, a Lancashire golfer little known in the south, walloped Keith Dalby; and lastly, and perhaps most significant, John Woollam beat Arthur Padgham fair and square. Alas! none in authority saw him do it, but if he does well this week, here is further potential strength at call. And we shall need it for St. Andrews next month.

The HON. OSMUND SCOTT and his eighteen-year-old son, MR. KENNETH BERTRAM SCOTT, the "back-markers" in the Fathers and Sons' Tournament at West Hill, won the contest for the Geoffrey Lubbock Cup. They defeated Mr. G. and Mr. R. A. Cobley in the final. They played from a handicap of four and had to concede six strokes in this match.

Other Impressions.

Such are the chief impressions I formed of five very engrossing days' golf. There were others more general, but not without interest. At Addington the couple who met Rex Hartley and Mitchell in the final were W. E. Brownsell and W. E. Peters. Peters is a young professional of promise. Brownsell is a member of the Hatfield Club, and, incidentally, House Steward to Lord Salisbury. His handicap at Easter was 6. With it he cleared the decks at Sheringham, and at Addington he played right up to his handicap from first to last. Here, then, is a new example of an old fact, that in foursome play a handicap player and a class golfer often make an ideal alliance. Then I watched Dale Bourn, who is in the throes of an interesting and, I believe, a successful experiment. His is the ideal temperament, imperturbability and courage. In the past, these have sometimes been discounted by weak putting and uncertain long game. He has improved his putting out of all knowledge, but his swing, once as nearly perfect as could be, has occasioned him more than a little anxiety. On the advice of Ham Martin, he has put himself in the hands of a well-known coach in Regent's Park, and already he is the better for it. Once he has—shall we say?—grooved his swing and consolidated his putting, there should be little to which he could not aspire.

Well Met.

At Mid-Surrey I met two old and much-cherished friends, Miss Cecil Leitch and Sydney Fry. Cecil is going to play in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon this year, and, with the partner who has persuaded her from her tent, she will take a deal of stopping. Sydney Fry is another great reservist who has rejoined the colours. Some time ago he underwent some very successful treatment for arthritis in the hands, since when he has won several club competitions, and is playing once again as he did in the old days, when he was a great golfer, a grand partner, and a most generous opponent. I am more than delighted to think that he is now in active form on the links again, and wish him the best of luck.

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Φ 17

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"BUT so there are already," the broker controverted; "in several cities and towns. I believe they get on quite well, too."

"Are they allowed to go into the Stock Exchanges?" enquired Our Stroller.

"Oh, no. They 've had several shots, as you may guess. Nothing doing, though."

"You will have them starting a Stock Exchange of their own, and drawing every woman investor to markets run by their own sex."

"Think so?" said the broker, striving to conceal an apprehension that shook him to his financial fibre. "Will there be lady jobbers, as well as lady brokers, do you suppose?"

"You say there are already lady brokers?"

"Yes, but without a local Stock Exchange habitation of their own. Lady jobbers haven't arrived yet—so far as I know, that is. They might have come"—he glanced round nervously—"without having made so much as a sound, and——"

"I expect you would have heard of it if they had started jobbing," Our Stroller consoled him. "It 's a thing to keep at the back of your mind, though: The Ladies' Stock Exchange. They would want a motto, you know. Like your London Stock Exchange. *Verbum meum pactum* is yours, isn't it?"

"Jolly good one it is, too: 'My Word is my Bond.' Or, as a free translation, 'A Bargain is a Bargain.' That 's the first and the fundamental rule of the Stock Exchange, my boy."

"Of course a bargain is a bargain. How can you make a fundamental rule out of an obvious platitude?"

"It 's far more than that. A Stock Exchange bargain is a bargain in the sense that it 's got to be carried out regardless of loss or any other consideration. A man in the Stock Exchange must implement his bargain to the literal limit of his capacity. That 's our first and greatest rule."

"And it isn't in the book of rules, either. Seems funny that it shouldn't be, don't you think?"

"No, it 's not strange at all. We deal by word of mouth, and never give one another a contract—"

"Brokers send contracts to clients, though."

"That 's a different matter. Clients are not bound by the Rules of the Stock Exchange, but their acceptance of our contracts is an acknowledgment that they agree to those rules."

"Half of which they don't know."

"And the other half they wouldn't understand."

"Neither do we ourselves; so, on the whole, we are about level. Yet we all get along very happily. You can't imagine such a thing as a Stock Exchange member refusing to pay his clients when he owes them money, or of taking shelter behind the Gaming Act."

"Why can't you?"

"Because, my son, a bargain is a bargain, and a tampering with that rule would mean the gentleman getting suspended from any Stock Exchange."

"Suspended from the roof, do you mean?"

"From one of the flagstaffs on the top of the roof, I should say." He pointed to the masts above the Old Broad Street doors, and the two men, arm-in-arm, entered the West African Market.

Where the boom has subsided. In its place, there is a normal volume of business; a disposition to make enquiries before, instead of after, buying the shares; a more critical examination than heretofore of prospects.

"I rather doubt it," a jobber answered in reply to the broker's question as to whether it would "come again."

"Mind you, there 's this about it. West Africa may turn out to have a goldfield of equal magnitude to that of South Africa——"

"Sounds improbable."

"Highly improbable, I grant you. But when you 're dealing with gold-bearing fields, who 's going to say what can or cannot happen?"

The broker nodded. "I 'm telling clients who ask me for advice that they should stick to Gold Coast Selection Trusts——"

The dinner of THE INSTITUTE OF INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING was held last week. The President, Mr. Ralph Winter Thomas, head of the Winter Thomas Company, gave a very excellent and provocative address. Mr. H. G. Saward is a director of Saward Baker. Mr. T. F. Clarke is a partner in R. F. White and Co. Mr. Leslie Harwood is a director of the London Press Exchange. Mr. James Strong is a Vice-President, and Chairman of C. Mitchell and Co. Mr. C. Harold Vernon is Chairman and Managing Director of Vernon and Sons. Mr. R. J. Sykes is Managing Director of the London Press Exchange and Vice-President of the Institute. Mr. C. Anstice Brown is Hon. Secretary of the Institute. Mr. Lionel Jackson is a director of G. Street and a Vice-President of the Institute. And Mr. John Gloag is a director of Pritchard Wood and Partners.

"Akim, I hear, are all right."

"If Akims are, then Ariston must be, too. And Ashantis are the best of the producing bunch, of course."

"It 's all pretty risky. I 'd rather dabble about in Kaffirs. Or even in the Rubber Market."

Our Stroller heard his own name called, and looked up in surprise at the waiter who was holding out a telegram.

"It isn't for you," exclaimed his broker, knocking down his friend's hand, outstretched to take the wire. Another arm shot up and appropriated the envelope.

"You 'll get spotted for certain, one of these days," the broker remonstrated, with a show of heat. "Why can't you remember where you are? You don't want to dangle from the masts on our roof, do you?"

"You 're much gentler than you used to be," retorted Our Stroller, loosening, nevertheless, the band of his collar. "Where 's the Tin Market, may I ask?"

The broker steered him, none too amicably, to the bench in the Miscellaneous Mining Market that forms the centre for dealing in tin shares.

"Any change?" the broker enquired.

"All pretty firm. All the good ones, that is. Siamese, Malayan, Gopeng——"

"Southern Kampar?"

"First-rate, but difficult to deal in."

Our Stroller looked puzzled as a member with an oblong, crimson-covered book came up and asked if he might have the pleasure——

"Sorry," the broker interposed, "we have given all we can afford."

"That 's one of the stewards of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund," he explained, as the gentleman with the book moved away. "Poor devils! There are ten of them collecting through this month. It 's a hell of a job."

"The Fund won't get twenty-one thousand pounds out of the House Derby Sweep, as it did five years ago," remarked another broker.

"Have you a Derby Sweep running this year?" asked Our Stroller.

"Yes, rather! Private affair. Tickets confined to members, of course. Do you want one? Twenty shillings each."

"Out of which," added the member who had already spoken, "ten per cent. goes to charities. The expenses of running the Sweep are extraordinarily small. What 's that noise about?"

"Sounds like bidding for Chemicals," replied the broker; "let 's go and see."

It was the deferred shares of I.C.I. that had aroused mild excitement.

"Not a bad spec.," commented the broker. "You might buy a few deferred to tuck away," he advised his client. "There 's always a very free market in them: close prices and civility, you know."

"Shall I sell some newspaper shares to pay for them? I 've got a bit of a profit on those you bought me not long since."

"Sell your newspaper shares? No fear! With the money that 's floating about as a result of Stock Exchange prices going up——"

He paused to take breath and a green-tinted price-list of motor shares.

"—you will find circulations increasing."

"Why should they?"

"The public are keen on anything that gives them Stock Exchange news, and they 're very anxious to get what a pal of mine calls the House atmosphere."

"As breathed in Fleet Street! Isn't it an amazing thing that outsiders never seem able to dodge making mistakes when they 're writing about purely Stock Exchange affairs?"

"I don't see that that matters," said Our Stroller, "if they are writing for other outsiders who know nothing about the matter."

"Hadn't thought of that. But newspaper shares are going better, believe me. On revenue and the reduced Income Tax—— Now what 's up?"

There were loud cries of "Fire! Time! Committee!" and a storm of indignant protest. The broker wheeled round, and fairly gasped at what he saw.

Our Stroller had actually lit a cigarette five minutes before time!

Friday, April 20, 1934.

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JOHN EVERARD

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

The influence of the Orient becomes more strongly marked as the season advances, and many of the clothes we shall wear this summer are very definitely of Chinese inspiration.

This striking ensemble from Harrods, of Knightsbridge, has a simple frock in heavy crêpe, rose patterned on a white ground. It has a low oblong décolleté at the back, and a belt of stitched black taffeta.

The black coat, with its high neck fastened with square buttons studded with brilliants, has wide sleeves gauged across the shoulders, and with deep lattice-stitched borders on which the roses from the dress material are appliquéd.

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CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

There are so many grand occasions that call for a frock like the beautiful model on the left. Made of heavy black crêpe, most skilfully cut to achieve slender, flowing lines that are full of life, it has a high neck softly draped across the front, and at the back a little bolero slit to reveal the same embroidered white organdie as is used for the dramatic sleeves. From Liberty's, of Regent Street, W., it has the charm of individuality, not run riot, but vital and restrained.

GANCE

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Ermine, dyed a lovely russet shade, is used for the luxurious fur cape shown immediately above. Bordered with two white foxes dyed to tone, it is made on a shaped satin lining which prevents it from slipping on the shoulders. The fascinating hat is a brown straw tricorne with cherry, brown, and white Mercury wings.

At the head of this page is a Russian ermine cape with an ingenious cowl back. The exquisite working of the skins, their purity of colour, and the perfectly matched silver foxes at the hem make it exceptionally fine.

The success of the season—a Coollie coat in briarwood dyed or white ermine. It has cape sleeves, a Peter Pan collar, and it fastens at one side. The hat is in black and white, with a white flower beneath the brim. All these things come from Revillon Frères, of 180, Regent Street, W.

MODELS BY COROT

For Ascot and for summer dances these two enchanting dresses would delight alike their wearers and all those who saw them. The model on the left is made of floral chiffon in pastel shades on a white ground, the stiffened bow forming a piquant contrast with the softness of the cascading frills. It costs only 7 guineas, and comes from Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, who is also responsible for the second ensemble. This is made in a vivid printed crêpe-de-Chine, and the little coat has quilted sleeves which stand away from the shoulders. Those who find the beginning of the season, with all its demands, a difficult time financially—and which of us does not!—should join the ever-increasing number of women who are availing themselves of Corot's admirable system of deferred credit.

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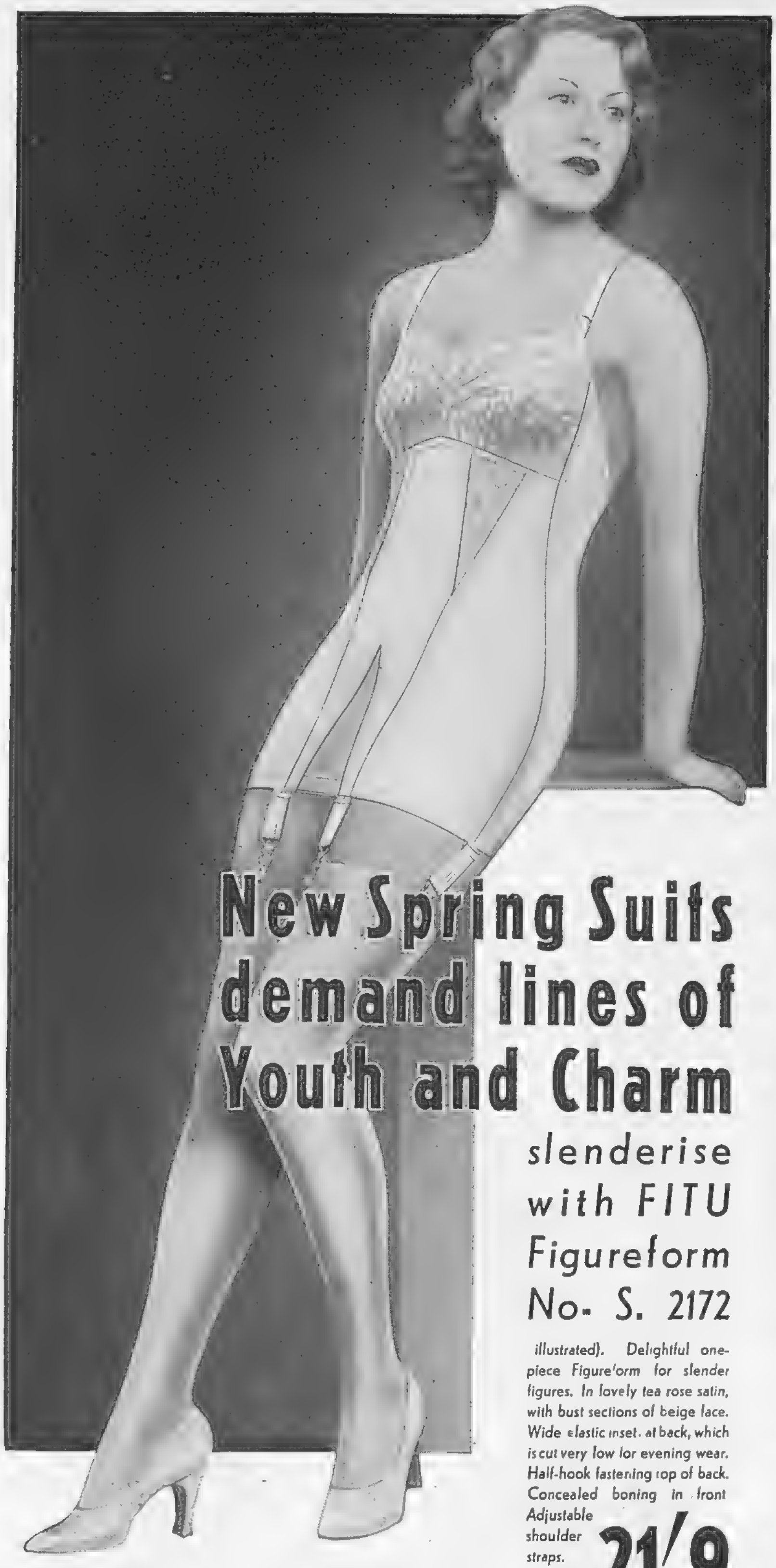

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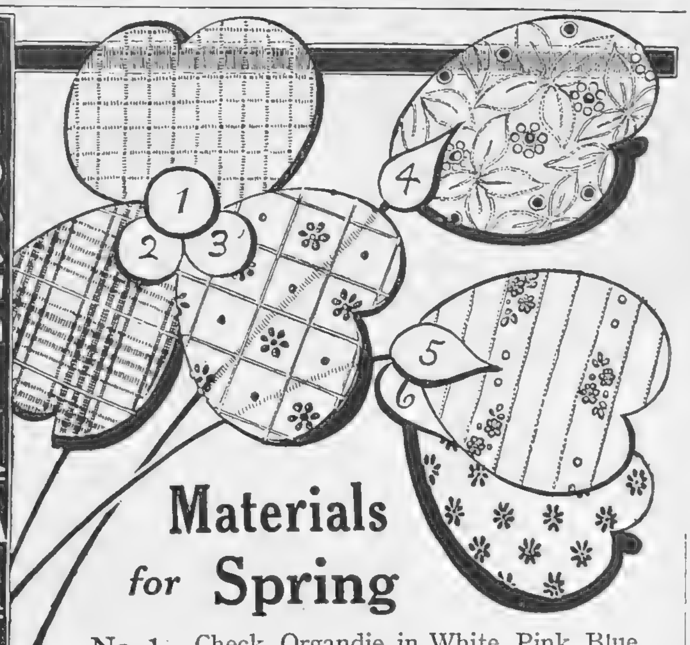

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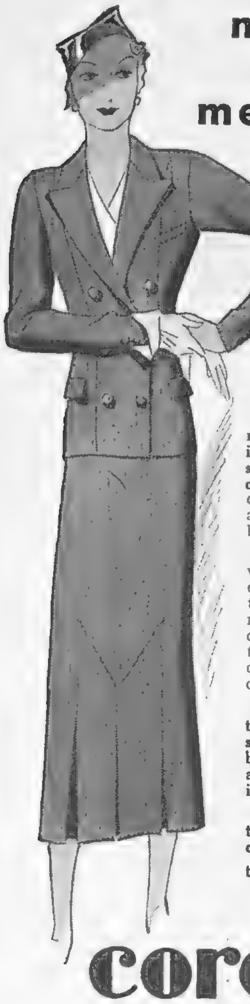

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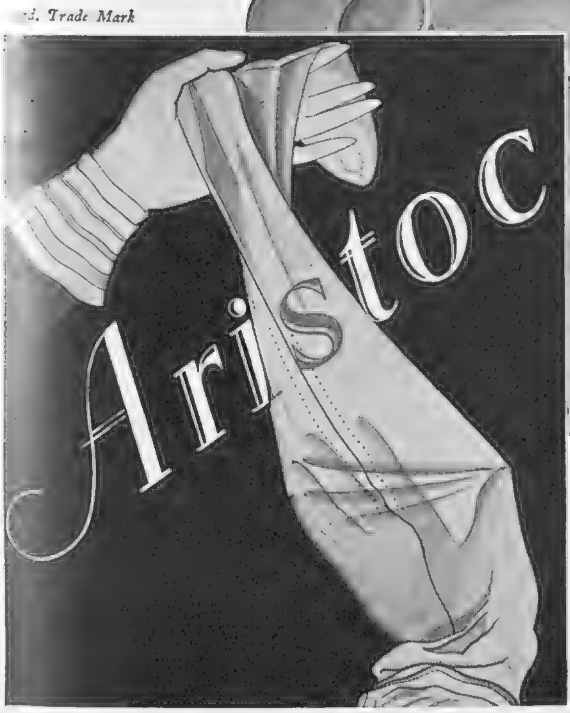

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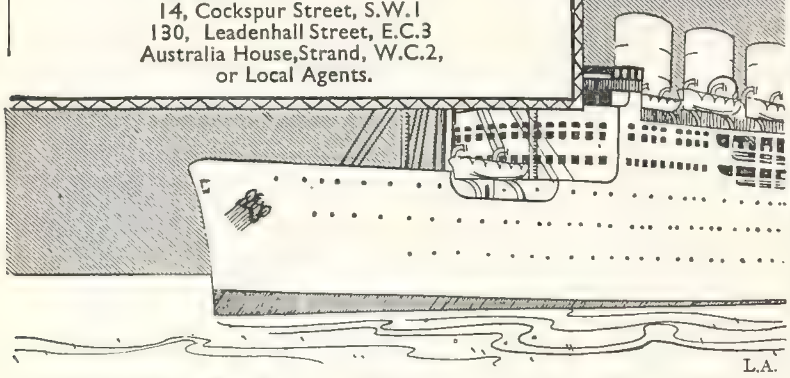

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Summery Hats for Little Girls

The three styles here shown are sketched from Harrods delightful Collection of summery straws, all at the one price - - **12/9**

1.—Natural Chip Straw with waved brim at side. Ribbon to contrast in Rust, Green or Blue. Sizes: 6½—6¾. - - - - - **12/9**

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THE BLOUSE DEPARTMENT at Harvey Nichols is famous for the style and distinction its blouses possess. You may choose anything from a tailored sports shirt to a satin blouse or an evening tunic, and every time you'll be delighted with your clever shopping!

Hand faggoting—
hand embroidery—
shimmering satin!

VERY SIMPLE and very charming is this summery satin blouse, with delicate, fancy hand-veining. Hand-embroidered French dots scatter over the tiny inset panels of reversed satin, and over the demure little made-up bow. Choose it in ivory, oyster, pink or blue, and in sizes 42, 44 or 46 - - **45/9**

O.S. **49/6**

Blouse Department: First Floor.

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. *SLOane 3440*

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

INCIDENT DE VOYAGE.

WHEN you go motoring abroad, take my tip and start with twice as much money as you think you 'll want. A fortnight ago I crossed the Channel, turned my wheels southwards, and followed pleasant paths to Monte Carlo, Italy, and Switzerland. We lunched with Lucullus and drank with Bacchus. We danced until the clean dawn came in all its beauty, shaming the garish lights and smoky atmosphere of the night-clubs. In short, we had a thoroughly good time. But there came an evening when we were passing through French villages with German-sounding names, and the mountains of the Vosges stood blue and clear along the horizon, that I discovered we had scarcely any money left—barely enough to buy the petrol to get us to the coast, and none to spare to eat and drink!

LORD LEIGH, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire and Chairman of the Triumph Company, Ltd., is posed with his TRIUMPH "GLORIA" SIX SALOON at his country seat, Stoneleigh Abbey.

It was no use wiring home for more, for by the time my wire reached England the post offices would be closed. I bethought me of a friend in Paris. Rang him up that night from Châlons-sur-Marne. He promised to wire me 500 frs. to Soissons at 8 o'clock next morning. So we had a good dinner and a comfortable night's rest. We resumed our journey betimes, our hearts full of hope.

We rolled up cheerfully at Soissons Post Office at a quarter to ten in the morning.

"Have you any letters for SIMON?"

"Have you a piece of identity?" came the suspicious reply.

I produced a passport. This was scrutinised on every page, the *employé* not really knowing what he was looking for. He peered distrustfully at a Bulgarian visa and gazed vacantly at a maze of superimposed frontier "postmarks." I brightly suggested that perhaps he wanted the number of the passport, and showed it to him on the front cover.

"Ah! In effect!" said he of the black smock, visibly relieved. He wrote a lot down, produced a bunch of keys, and opened a drawer. But . . .

The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

I then thought I would sit in the sun for ten minutes and go in and ask again. When I returned, a pleasant young woman was in charge of the *poste restante*. To her I told my pitiful tale and again produced my "piece of identity," but the drawer was still empty. After I had returned at intervals of five minutes for nearly an hour she got quite sympathetic, and shouted up through a hole through which a rope descended from the high ceiling, "in case, by hazard, the mandate was to find itself there on high." A distant voice (probably St. Peter's) shattered her hopes, and mine also, so I went off to fill up with petrol ready for a desperate dash to Boulogne.

I came back at eleven o'clock—still no luck. So I signed a declaration that I wanted any letters or telegrams addressed to me to be forwarded to Boulogne, and tore off with just three hours in which to cover 138 miles, and in a "baby" car at that! But Nemesis was running after me with giant strides. We had covered 2300 miles in a fortnight, in France and Italy and Switzerland, with never a moment's trouble. Just when a no-trouble run was *essential*, the engine cut out "dead." We were on a high, windy plateau, on a narrow "G.C." (*Chemin de Grande Communication*) miles from even a village.

The petrol-pump seemed not to be pumping, so I scuffled hastily among my car papers for the list of spares, to see if I had a replacement. No, I had not. Desperately I depressed the "ticklers" on the carburetters in a kind of forlorn hope, and lo! the pump chattered encouragingly and petrol spurted into my face. I put one high tension lead on a spare plug and pressed the starter button. No spark! Something made me look inside the distributor cover, and by luck I saw the cause of the stoppage: the small fibre block had come unriveted from the contact-breaker arm and the "make-and-break" no longer made nor broke.

Fortunately I had a spare distributor on the car, so I swopped over the little arm in a jiffy. *Voilà!* the engine burst into song. But half an hour had passed, and we could not possibly average 55 m.p.h. all the way to Boulogne. Had we but known it, owing to the fact that it was Summer Time in France, but not yet in England, the good ship *Autocarrier* was running to a later schedule, and we could have caught the boat quite easily! But we didn't know it. What's more, we were starving hungry. Hurriedly I went through my pockets—15 frs. 60 in French money, 6 frs. in Swiss silver! We decided to return to Soissons. But what were the odds that the money sent to me from Paris had come to Soissons two minutes after we had left, and had already been forwarded on to Boulogne? Appalling thought!

At the first village we came to I rushed into the village store. Could I telephone? No; they were not subscribers. I explained my plight. "You could perhaps speak from the house of a *particulier*," Madame suggested. I rushed across the road, asked and received permission to use the 'phone, and got through to the post office at Soissons. Heaven be praised! The wire had not yet arrived!

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu*," I shouted into the mouthpiece, "don't send it on to Boulogne before I arrive!" The young woman at t'other end promised to execute my commission. We raced over the humpy, winding road as if the devil himself were after us. In Soissons my old friend of the black calico smock was back on duty, but . . . "No, there is nothing for Monsieur." I officially countermanded my instructions for forwarding the wire, and went boldly off to the Lion Rouge, the biggest hotel in the place, with my 15 frs. 60 and my six Swiss francs. A sweetly pretty girl greeted me from the reception desk. I explained the position.

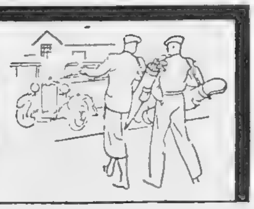
The MORRIS TEN-FOUR SALOON in our study is posed on the banks of the Moselle at Metz. With the adverse Continental exchange an economical car is a great advantage on tour abroad. This particular model does 33 miles to the gallon of petrol, a consideration when fuel costs approximately 3s. the gallon, as it does in France to-day.

"But *of course* you may have lunch," she said. "I will talk to Monsieur."

But "Monsieur" was not so friendly. "Had you bank-notes," he declared, "I would have changed them with pleasure. But coins, no! The bank will not change them, so I cannot take them." Luckily for me, the Sweet Young Thing interceded on my behalf and pleaded: "But you *can't* let them go away hungry!"

[*Continued on page* XVI.

THE CAR FOR EVERY OCCASION



SPECIFICATION

Specially designed 10 h.p. engine with patent combustion head. Cushion engine mounting. Genuine Wilson pre-selective gear-box. Spring steering wheel. Finger steering—steering box housed on rubber. Self-energising brakes with large brake drums. Long specially designed springs. Shock absorbers front and rear. Oil lubrication throughout chassis. "Rigidity" frame bracing. Other features are: ROOMINESS—wheelbase is over 9 ft. ROAD-HOLDING is phenomenal. The 'Torquay' body is a triumph of craftsmanship. Sliding roof. Burr walnut finish. Flush-fitting direction indicators. Roomy luggage compartment at rear. Separate adjustable front seats. Centre arm rests and side arm rest. Finest leather upholstery. Chromium plated fittings. Safety glass throughout. Sports type wings. Full accessories including rear stop light. Price £305 or with Wilson pre-selective gearbox £325

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Also the Crossley 2-litre Saloon—super sports performance and armchair comfort at 75-80 m.p.h. Every conceivable luxury is fitted, including Wilson pre-selector gearbox and flush-fitting direction indicators and full equipment. Price £695.

EVEN *if you ask no more of a car than that it should be admired for its good graces in the best company, you will be captivated by the 'Torquay'.*

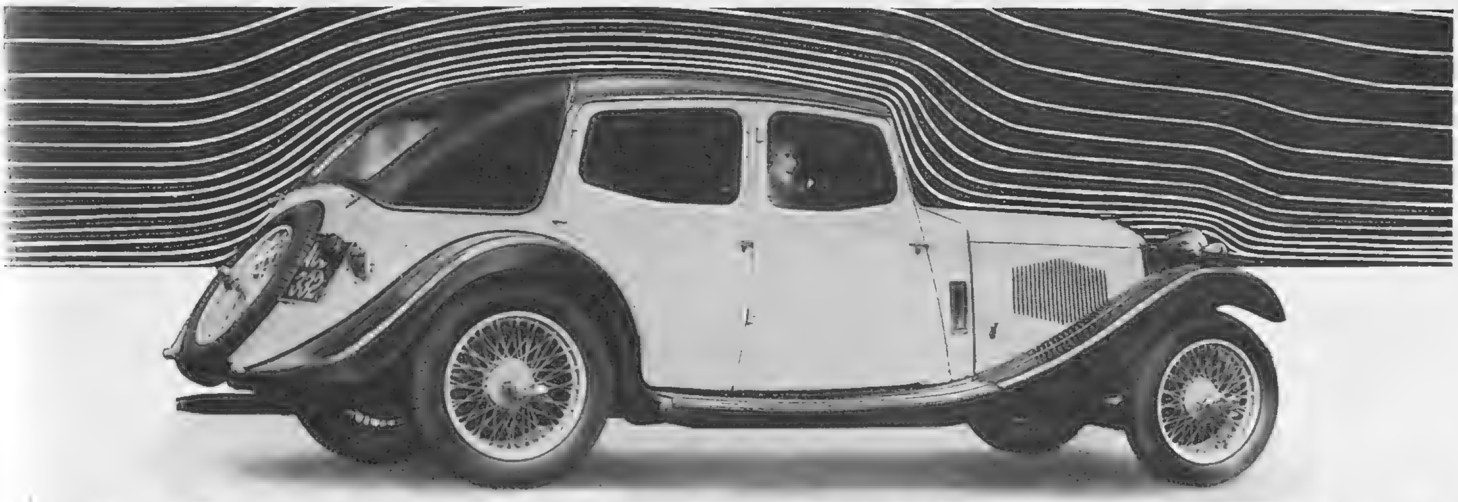
But if, as is now the fashion, you want a light car for hard work, powerful one minute and docile the next, a car that has speed enough and safety to spare, flexible and powerful in turn, then again the 'Torquay' will please you.

Never before has a ten-horse-power car contained so many good points nor offered so much in return for so modest a cost. Dependable, reliable, economical: a car that is all things to all men—the Crossley 'Torquay' Ten.

Write to Sales Manager for further details and particulars of other models. Crossley Motors Ltd., Gorton, Manchester; or London Office and Works, 50 Page Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Crossley

TORQUAY TEN



WHAT WILL YOU BE DRIVING IN 1936?

THERE is a good deal to be said for buying a car with the idea of selling it again. What, for instance, will the model you are running NOW be worth when you buy its successor?

You may be the ideal owner, your car the best the factory ever turned out, there may not be a scratch on the cellulose, but–they may not be "wearing" that kind of car in 1936. So when you buy a Riley Kestrel–apart altogether from the thrills of speed, the assurance of safety, the comfort of inter-axle seating, and a host of other exclusive features which the whole motoring world knows Riley to possess–you are buying a future asset. For example, the Riley Monaco of 1929, even of 1928, is still a modern motor car, yet compared with its contemporaries it was just as advanced then as is the Kestrel today. By the way, have you ever *driven* a Riley Kestrel?

To Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry. Please send me without obligation a free copy of your book "The Aero-lined Kestrel."

Name..

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S. 25/4/34 ....

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RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED COVENTRY and 42 NORTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

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(See Page 178.) 25/4/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLI.

BETTER AND BETTER!

THINGS would seem to be moving in the world of bridge, and moving in the right direction. The question of reducing the present absurd slam bonus, the taboo of unsporting (ace showing) conventional bids, is all to the good; it is even suggested that contract run on card-sense lines alone might be a sound proposition. All sorts of things are in the air, which prove that at last bridge-players are seeing the light, and that card-playing as a pastime should depend on playing cards, and not on mechanical or arithmetical devices to play them for you. Indeed, it has now been discovered that at bridge the play of the hand—more especially in defence—is more important than the bidding for trumps. This means that the system-monger's day is over, and surely that is all to the good! Perhaps we are getting nearer to Plafond bridge; but we had better still call it contract, with new scoring and penalty values. The nearer we get to Plafond or a new form of contract, the better for us all.

Readers of these notes will find nothing new in any of these reforms; they have been advocated here for long enough. Notoriously, however, the authorities take a long time to move; we can but hope that now the time for a move has come. In my opinion, the harm that contract bridge has done to card-playing is incalculable. I do not refer to the commercial and other unpleasant features it has introduced; I am thinking of the machine-made play it introduced. This will take years to eradicate, and it is doubtful if the card imagination and *flair* seen at auction will ever come back again. I grant that contract has put the bidding on a saner basis (albeit in the doing so it has knocked inspiration on the head); but the play of the cards—and this, anomalously enough, is due to the mechanics of contract bidding—has suffered enormously. The hands, as a rule, are too easy to play, and with the contract in view there is little or no inducement to steal extra tricks. Thus the fun we got at auction in trying to steal game, or sometimes a slam, forms no part of contract; the play of the hand automatically suffered, and with it, defensive play; for, again, the contract so often being a foregone conclusion, there is no great object in defenders saving an odd trick here and there. It must not for a moment be imagined that I am trying to make out that the play of the cards does not matter at contract—on the contrary, it is of first-class importance, and the good player will beat the poorer player every time, for it is on those few occasions when the contract is a near thing, and good play will either make it or spoil it, that the good player reaps his advantage, and this is a very great advantage in the long run. No; I am only trying to show that when, on four or five successive occasions, the average player has no cause to use his card brain, that part of his anatomy fails him when on the sixth occasion opportunity arises to set it working.

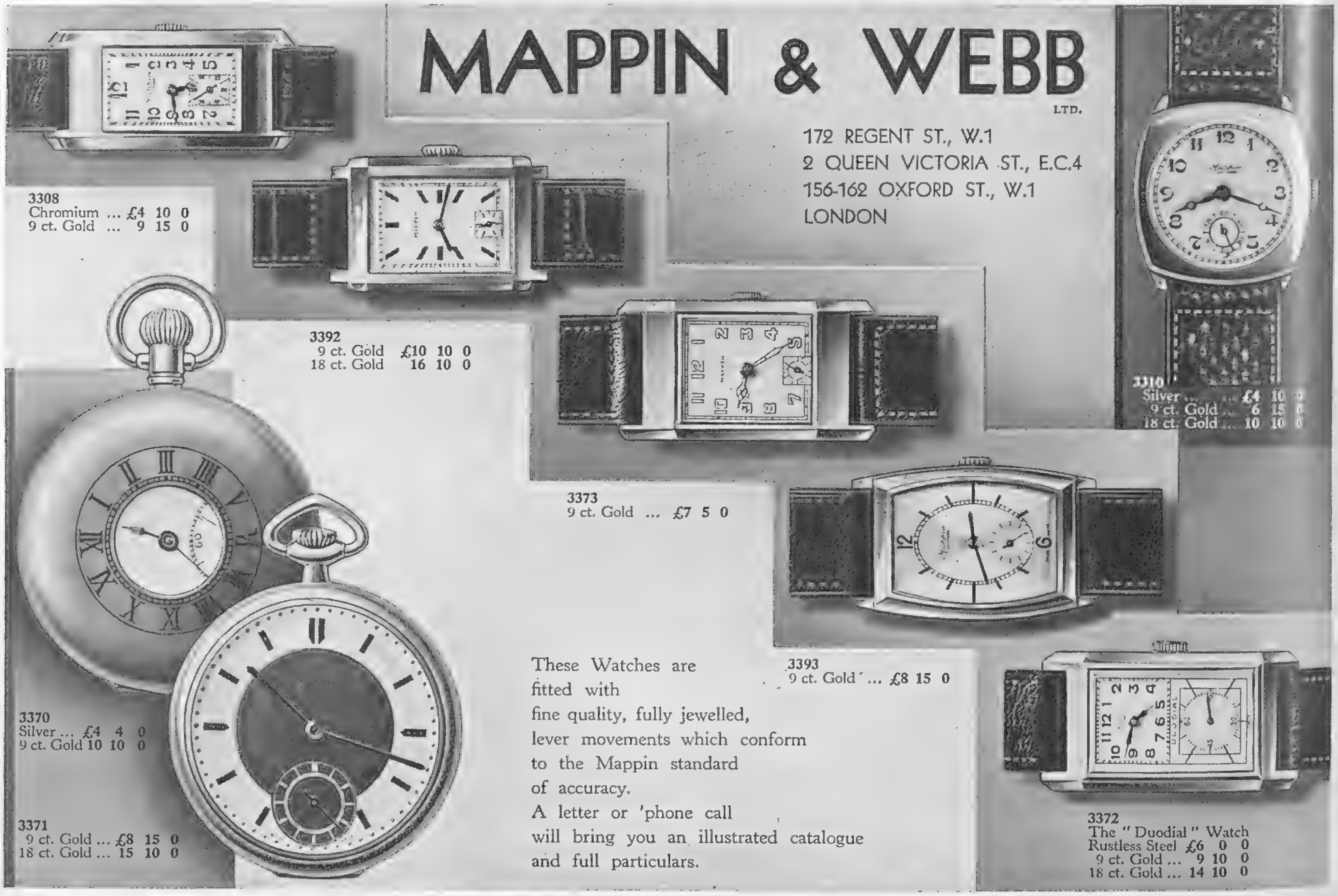
To-day I ran into one of the principals in the duplicate match I had something to say about last week. From him I gathered the startling information that that match had produced the finest contract play even seen in public. This by statistics. It would appear that *only forty-nine serious* blunders were made in 100 hands (boards, as they are called). The proportion of error to boards played is higher (by statistics) in every other important match played either here or in America. I am not much good at statistics myself, and am quite ready to accept my friend's word for this; all I have to say about it is that, in my opinion, it shows a lamentable lack of contract-bridge playing skill in those countries. Had so many auction-players made so many serious blunders in so many games they would not be set up as expert players; but then, they would not have made so many mistakes, for the simple reason that their card common-sense would not have been blunted by the mechanical methods of contract, and yet auction requires more skill and *imagination* than contract. Let us hope, therefore, that the sundry variations proposed will cut out glorified bumblepuppy and get us back to real card-playing.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, APRIL 18.

ACROSS.—1. Pumpkin. 10. Intense. 11. Utopia. 12. Straw. 13. Vagaries. 15. Electron. 16. April 17. Slope. 19. Clasp. 21. Fives. 23. Endue. 24. Tawse. 26. Rhodesia. 30. Refusals. 31. Ulcer. 32. Gillie. 33. Dessert. 34. Evesham.

DOWN.—2. Unstop. 3. Penalise. 4. Know-alls. 5. Nerve. 6. Bulge. 7. Court. 8. Hideous. 9. Parsnip. 14. Alien. 18. Peril. 19. Cut-purse. 20. Leafless. 21. Farrago. 22. Inherit. 25. Sierra. 27. Duels. 28. Sakes. 29. Aside.

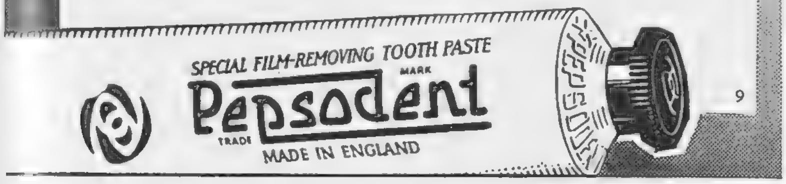
MRS. F. M. ROWE, Brentwood, West Park, Leeds, 6, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of April 11 to be first opened on Monday morning, April 16. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to h[e]



"It is natural for teeth to sparkle," say dentists. Dull, lustreless teeth are the result of Film which constantly forms and absorbs stains. Film harbours germs of decay. It must be removed.

Film clings so tightly that ordinary ways of brushing fail to remove it successfully. Pepsodent Toothpaste, with its new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—twice as soft as materials in common use—removes Film thoroughly . . . safely. At the same time it polishes teeth to sparkling brilliance.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Watch teeth regain their whiteness as Film goes.



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OLD BLEACH FADELESS COLOURED LINENS

Choose them for your gay embroideries, new curtains, new dresses. Their colours are as lovely as Spring itself. There are thirty-two shades of 'Standard' Old Bleach to choose from—all absolutely fast to light and washing. 36″ costs 3/11 and 45″ 5/3 a yard. Be sure to look for 'Standard' and 'Old Bleach' stamped on the selvedge.

Mayfair, a new dress-weight Old Bleach Linen, costs 2/11 a yard, 36″ wide, and is introduced with thirteen fashionable shades. The selvedge is stamped 'Mayfair' and 'Old Bleach.'

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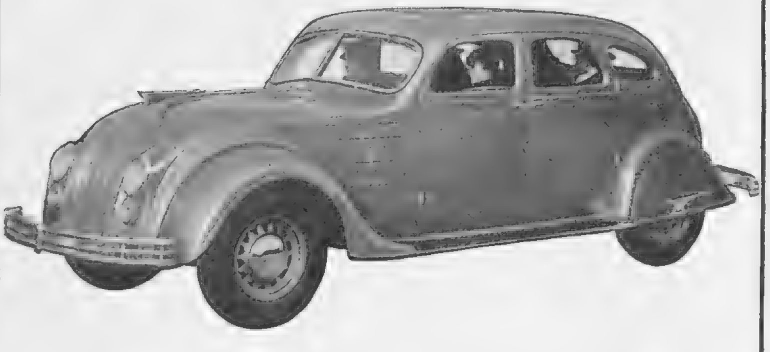
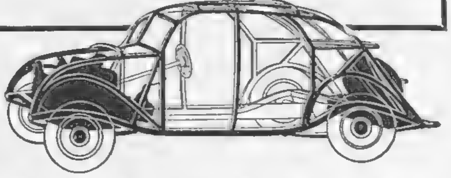
The car of tomorrow for Men of today!



Chrysler has revolutionised motor-car design. Chrysler has set a fashion for 1934, yes, but for 1935-1936 too! Because this new Airflow design is not only sensational—it's sensible. It makes a car a six-, not a five-seater. The front seat holds three. No more back-seat bumps—the rear-seat here is 20 inches in *front* of the rear axle—you can read a newspaper at 80 m.p.h. or sleep, or write a letter! In that big, capacious tail goes luggage for four people for a fortnight!

Steel girders—reinforced by steel—underneath and round and over your head protect you and yours in event of collision. Never has any car been made so SAFE as these new Airflow Chryslers.



CHRYSLER
SIXES *and* EIGHTS

including the new PLYMOUTH, KEW, WIMBLEDON, RICHMOND and KINGSTON SIXES, and the CROYDON AIRFLOW SIX, the HESTON, REGENT and IMPERIAL AIRFLOW EIGHTS

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To Chrysler Motors Ltd., Dept. Y, Kew, Surrey.
I want to know more about the new Chrysler range. Please send illustrated catalogue—without obligation.

Name ....

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 178.*)

"Gold." After silver, "Gold." But here again we are reminded of the proverb. Mr. Gideon Clark's gold is of many different qualities. The opening scene, in which Sue Perrett is set on by toughs in Ma Brethner's equivocal Palais de Danse, and "walked out" of Johnson City into the snow, is first-rate if a little over-coloured. And the account of her life in the cave with Frank Fullerton, her chivalrous rescuer, though it transcends probability, certainly achieves romance. A couple living in a cave, untold treasure at their elbow, and wolves prowling outside, what further romantic ingredients could a story need?—especially when we remember that for many weeks the two lived separate, a symbolic screen ensuring privacy to each. Presently the screen is done away with and two babies take its place; but the life of Sue and Frank is still an idyll, made yet more fabulous by its isolation from the outside world, and related to humdrum life only by Sue's confinements, Frank's rapidly increasing hoard, and (less agreeably) by his passion for neat brandy.

It is only when Frank emerges from his fastness and is acclaimed by two continents as one of the world's richest men that the story begins to go down-hill, and the gold of the author's imagination to be mixed with baser metals. His descent on London, his peerage, his adventures with the world of cosmopolitan millionaires—how familiar it all is! True, it bored Frank; when he had satisfied his conscience by helping his English relations, he had nothing left to live for: his passion for Sue began to evaporate and he could no longer safely indulge in brandy. Major Busby, his bear-leader, supplies a little comic relief, but of a rather obvious kind; and the appearance of Lees, the American journalist, burning with disinterested passion for Sue, is a melancholy concession to sentimentality, unworthy of the talented author of "The Bride."

In the concluding chapters of "Gold," Mr. Clark gives us very few glimpses of his real quality. The first part is much better, but even here one feels that the author is meeting his readers' sentimentality more than half-way. One feels that he has buried his gift in a novel the main outlines of which would not satisfy the most uncritical reader of magazine stories.

"Kapoot." I suppose it is impossible to write about Soviet Russia except in a partisan spirit. Mr. Carveth Wells went, he tells us, with an open mind, but it did not remain open long. Perhaps he was unlucky in his experiences; but if even a tenth of the discomforts he suffered are liable to fall to the lot of the ordinary traveller, Russia is clearly a place to be avoided except by the hardiest explorers. There is no doubt that Mr. Wells is slightly prone to judge a country according to its progress in the labour-saving, comfort-promoting developments of mechanical science. Bad hotels, inefficiently run trains, inadequate sanitation, annoy him more than they would some people. But since the Bolshevists pin their faith to machinery, he is within his rights to point out how far (in their case) that faith is from being justified—

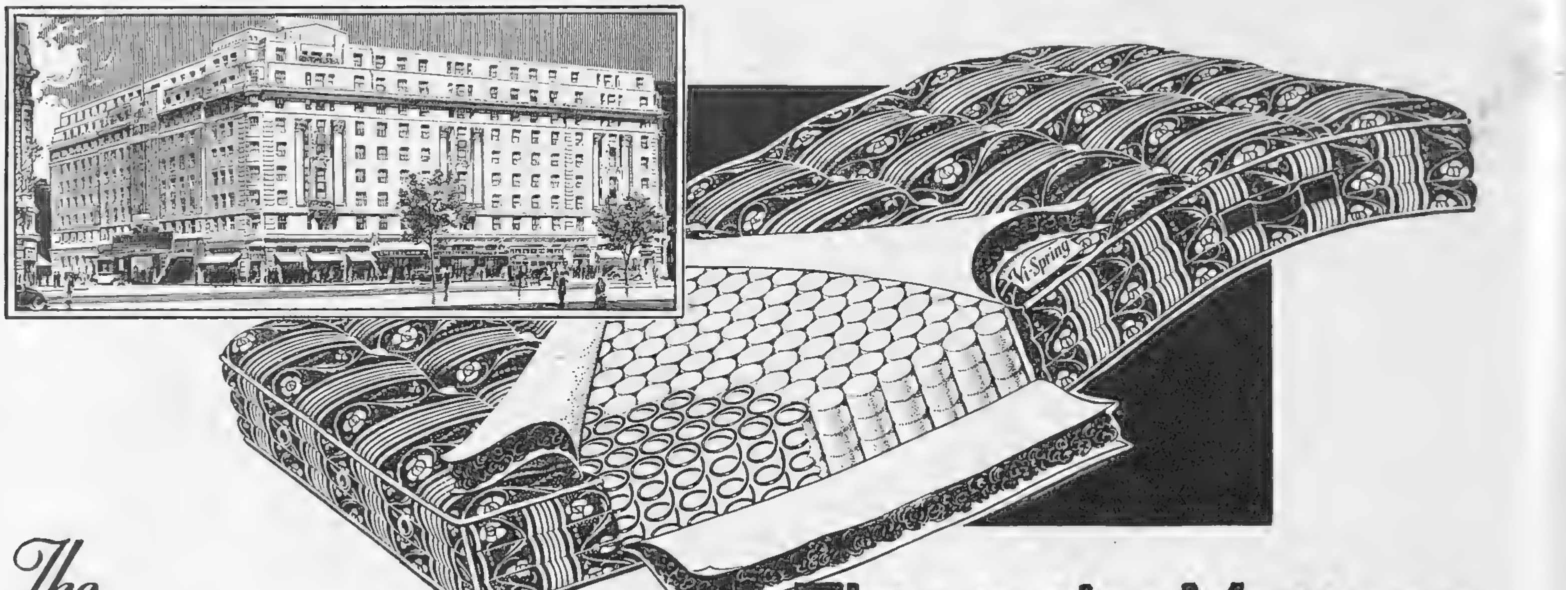
> Russia is a big country; she has big ideas and always has had.
> She made the largest bell in the world, but it won't ring—it 's *Kapoot.* She made the largest cannon in the world, but it won't shoot—it 's *Kapoot.* And last summer she had the largest collectivized farm in the world with three thousand cows, and no bulls—so that was *Kapoot!*

Mr. Wells collected a great many hard facts during his few weeks' stay in Russia (one of the hardest was the loss of twenty-six pound in weight); but he handles them with the zest of a humourist rather than with the impartiality of a statistician. He is, in fact, immensely funny about his sufferings. His humour is noticeably flavoured by his preoccupation with the shortcomings of Soviet sanitation; but his broadest jokes are among his best. For all his evident intention of making the best possible "story" out of his experiences, he commands our respect as an observer. Nothing escapes him; his last view of Russia showed a little boy trying to rescue some orange peel from the river that divides Russia from Finland.

"Cassiar." Cassiar is a little-known district in British Columbia, and life there is even more hazardous and uncomfortable than in Soviet Russia. It is, however, the fury of the elements not the malice of the inhabitants, that the settler in Cassiar has to contend with. Miss Turton spent a year there. Her book describes her experiences in a series of fleeting impressions. She gives us glimpses of travel by sledge and river; Indians and trappers cross the scene, there are moments of peril in rapids, and hours of well-earned relaxatio in log cabins. The ice breaks up, the snow melts in the warmth o spring. Miss Turton avoids consecutive narrative; her impression are chosen to illustrate the characteristic quality of life in Cassia They are deftly and skilfully done, and if they do not make Cassi appear an ideal holiday resort, at any rate they show that it is a trainin ground for heroes and (as Miss Turton's book shows) no mean forcin house for literary talent.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Five Silver Daughters. By Louis Golding. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
Gold. By Gideon Clark. (*Grayson; 7s. 6d.*)
Kapoot. By Carveth Wells. (*Jarrolds; 18s.*)
Cassiar. By M. Conway Turton. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)



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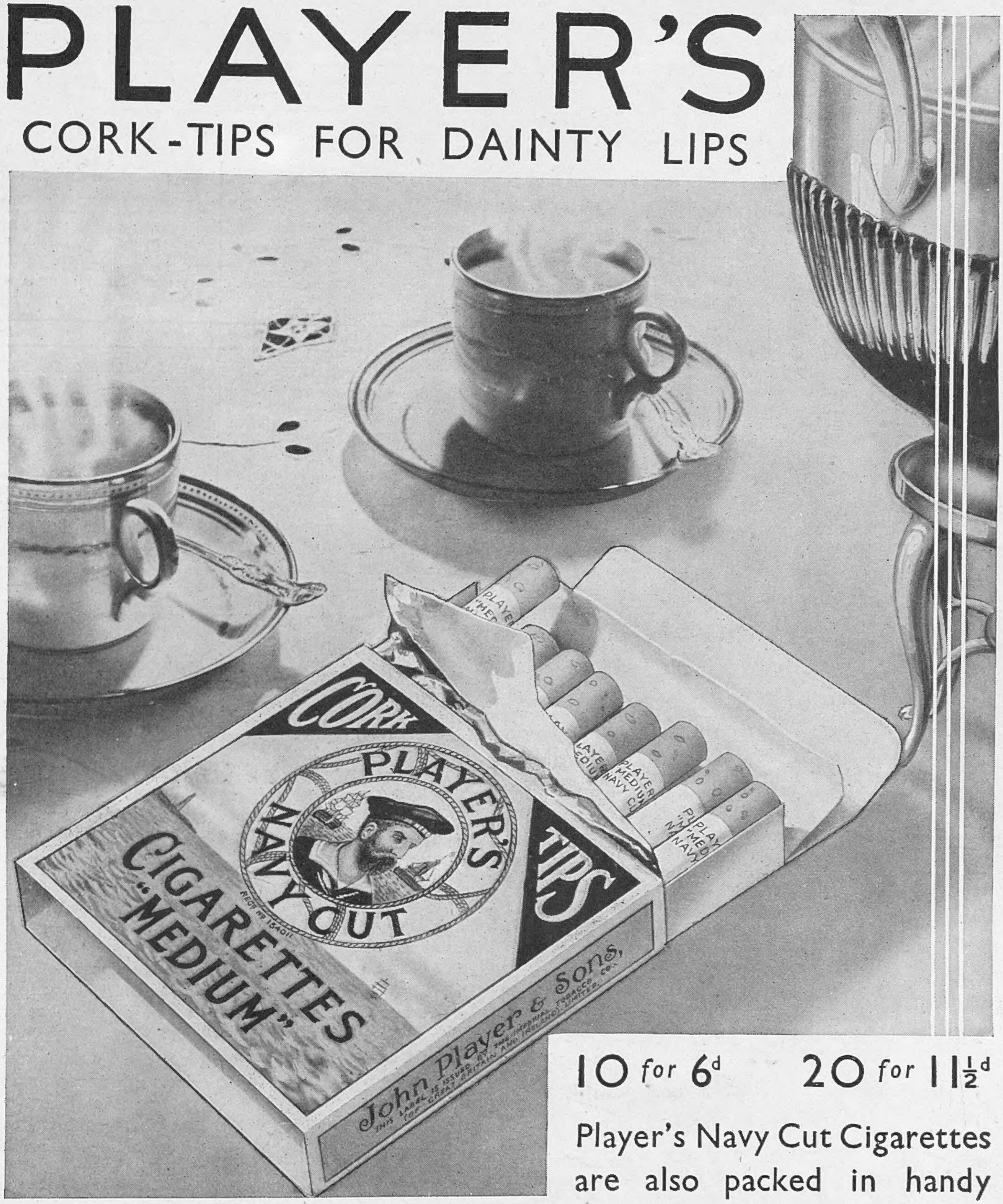

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MOTOR DICTA.

(*Continued from Page X.*)

"Monsieur" relented. "I will take your money to the Swiss Bank next time I am in Paris. Eat!"

We ate, feeling like suspected criminals. Nervously I asked the price of the sumptuous lunch that was being placed before us. Twenty francs. Well, well! Six Swiss francs made 28 frs. 50 in French money. With my 15 frs. 60 we had just—only just—enough for our two lunches and 10 per cent. "service." We drank tap-water. Imagine it! Drinking *water* in the heart of the Champagne country! But it had to be done. Then we hurried through our meal. Quite the best lunch we had had, but wasted on us! All the time we kept on thinking, "Supposing he's made a mistake, and sent the money to Châlons instead?"

We wondered if there was a British Consul at Reims, and whether he would send us home as Distressed British Subjects. In despair we paid a final visit to the post office. The money order had come! Gaily we drove back to the Lion Rouge. One good turn deserved another, thought I, and I offered "Monsieur" the price of our luncheon in good French money. He hummed and ha'd. "Well, if Monsieur insists. . . ."

He produced an immense bag of coins of all nations. "Would not change coins" indeed! With some difficulty he found my two Swiss pieces and gravely handed them back to me in exchange for French money. We parted with expressions of mutual good will. We were saved. What is more, we had Done the Decent Thing by "Monsieur" of the hotel; so off we sped on the last stage of our journey, meeting so many English cars just off the boat that, had we started half an hour earlier, we should have caught the *Autocarrier* after all!

Well, I've learned *my* lesson! In future, when I travel in a country where petrol is priced far above rubies, I shall take stock of my wealth each *morning*, and thus have a whole day ahead of me in which to wire for, and get payment of, more money!

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"DOUBLE DOOR" (Strand). 8.30.—Sybil Thorndike, Owen Nares, Carol Goodner, Sebastian Shaw, in "Grand Guignol."

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"THE LAUGHING WOMAN" (New). 8.30.—Moving and witty play by Gordon Daviot. Excellent performance by Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Godfrey Tearle, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith; Lesley Wareing; Agnes Lauchlan.

"WITHOUT WITNESS" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Crime play with suspense sustained. Good acting. Nicholas Hannen.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"INDOOR FIREWORKS" (Aldwych).—8.30. Light; very amusing back-chat. Fay Compton and a strong cast.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS" (Tivoli).—For the new star, Anna Sten.

"ONLY YESTERDAY" (New Gallery).—For another new star, Margaret Sullavan.

"THE BATTLE" (Capitol).—Drama of patriotism, finely directed and acted.

"MORGENROT" (Curzon).—Fine undersea photography in the German U-boat film.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"RIPTIDE" (Empire).—Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Herbert Marshall in a triangle drama.

"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Eddie Cantor making whoopee in Ancient Rome.

"AUTUMN CROCUS" (Rialto).—Fay Compton repeats her sensitive performance in screen version of the stage success.

"LADY KILLER" (Regal).—Another he-man rôle for James Cagney.

"CHARLEMAGNE" (Academy).—A witty French variation on the "Admirable Crichton" theme.

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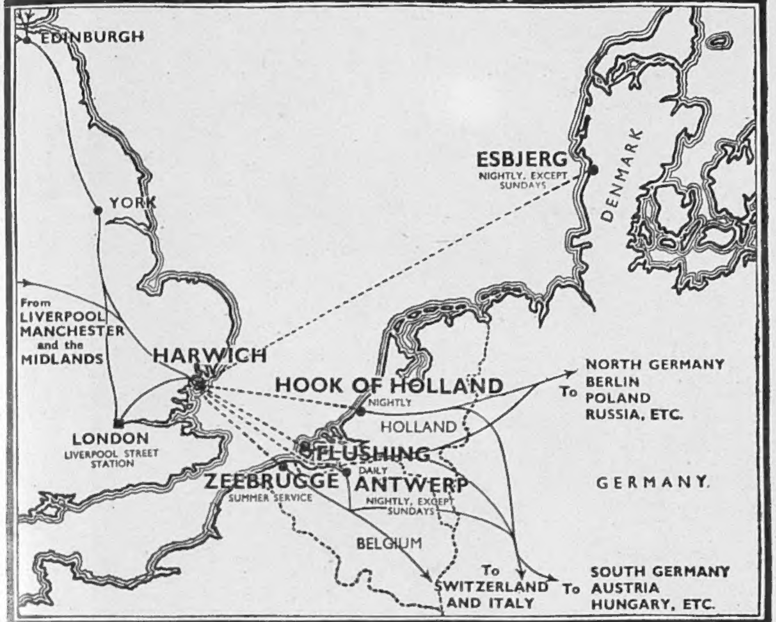
CONTINENT VIA HARWICH



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Godiva: "I have entered for the Coventry Point-to-point, the famous bare-back ride through the city—you have probably heard of it."

Duggie: "I have. Pray proceed."

Godiva: "Well, I was out this morning for a trial canter over the course. Naturally I wanted my form kept secret."

Duggie: "Naturally—and you were observed?"

Godiva: "Yes. A young man was in hiding and spied on me."

Duggie: "How shameful. Who was he?"

Godiva: "His name is Peeping Tom. He has confessed—made a clean breast of it. Oh, I can't bear it. I shall never get the price I had hoped for."

Duggie: "That's where you're mistaken. This is such an odd thing for a lady to do that I will give you any odds you like. What had you intended to put on?"

Godiva: "Nothing at all."

Duggie: "This certainly is the strangest bet I've ever struck."

Godiva: "But I only want to back myself for a place in British History."

Duggie: "In that case you have won. I will let you have a cheque for your winnings."

Godiva: "How marvellous of you. My enthusiasm for the ride was cooling but you have renewed it. But as I am putting nothing on, what are you going to give me?"

Duggie: "Just a blank cheque, my dear lady, just a blank cheque."

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients. Write to-day and open a credit account.

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